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## SOVEREIGNS ON TOUR.

THE season of sovereigns' visits to each other has once more set in, and the business has been, to use the word improperly appropriated to the thing, "inaugurated" by King HUMBERT's visit to Berlin by way of the St. Gothard. There was a time when the route, though above not below ground, was not infrequently used for similar purposes. But in those days sovereigns of Germany visited Italy, and for the most part with objects not wholly friendly. The curious, and perhaps not extremely durable, arrangements of modern times have altered all this, and there is no reason why the King of ITALY should not be an even more welcome guest at Berlin than the German EMPEROR was the other day at Rome. At any rate, no problem such as that of the respect due and safely payable to the POPE has met King HUMBERT at the German capital. For the present—a present which may be extended to a pretty long future—there is no reason whatever why Germany and Italy should not continue excellent friends. The causes which make nations excellent friends are, as sensible men know, though sentimental twaddlers foam at the mouth when they are told of it, neither more nor less than the community of interests and the absence of rivalry. For a long time to come Germany and Italy will probably be influenced by these causes. The Emperor WILLIAM is not likely to hanker after those Italian possessions which many German Emperors, but no ancestors or predecessors of his, once held; the "King of Rome" is unlikely to entertain any practical regret for the sometime meaning of "King of the Romans"; Switzerland, the "buffer State" between the two, is very unlikely to prove to either what Belgium has proved to France and Germany. For, putting aside the awkward remembrances of former invasions and occupations of Helvetia, neither kings nor emperors wage war on hotelkeepers. One only thing is wanted to make alliance firm, in addition to the ties already enumerated, the identity of interests and the absence of rivalry. This is the community of hatreds, and this community Italy and Germany enjoy to the full. France is the undying enemy of the one, as having been plundered by her; the scarcely less undying enemy of the other, as having plundered her in the least forgivable of all ways—that of exacting a price for friendly assistance.

The internal condition of Germany is rather better than it was last week, but not much better. After the usual cutthroat business on both sides, and the handing over of much money and business to foreigners, the Westphalian coal strike has, it is said, ended (though there seems to be some doubt about this), and it is hoped that the Silesian strike will end. But, though the victory of the strikers is not complete, a rather dangerous precedent has been set. The old equitable system of adjustment by the law courts, the old HAROUN-AL-RASCHID system of adjustment by the personal influence and decision of the sovereign, have both broken down; the very interference of the military has not been too successful, and in Germany, as in so many other countries, "the dog has eaten leather." We know too well in England what happens when the dog begins to eat leather, and it by no means follows that the progress of appetite will be less rapid in Germany because the start is later. But it would be cruel to interrupt the Berlin festivities with such dismal considerations. The German-Italian alliance is, as alliances go in these days, a tolerably solid one in itself, and it may be useful to England some day. Meanwhile its chief present effect seems to be to have induced the Russians to forget their not unnatural soreness at being made the excuse for a French Admiral in the Red Sea to burn powder in earnest.

Communications between Austria and Montenegro sound much less important than those between Germany and

Italy, but perhaps have not less real significance than the flowers and the bands in the Berlin squares. Prince NICHOLAS of Montenegro has been at Vienna, and he has, it is said, been informed in the most friendly and polite way in the world that, though the Austrian Government is very glad to see him and is his very good friend, it would be still better friends with him if he would be good enough to make his Principality something less of a focus of disturbance and insurrection, spreading, or likely to spread, into Servia on the one hand and into Bosnia and the Herzegovina on the other. The rumours of disturbance and dissatisfaction in these latter provinces are due in part, no doubt, to the same influences which are spreading reports of atrocities in Armenia. But, also as there, those who wish to report can take care to create, and there seems to be no doubt whatever that some trouble has been stirred up for the Austrians in those provinces which they have, on the whole, governed so remarkably well, but which fanatics and fools would condemn to anarchy as a kind of Servia Irredenta. Servia itself can hardly be less of a trouble to the Austrian Government. Things are, indeed, ostensibly quiet enough there, and the predominance of Russian partisans is a matter of no immediate importance in a country to which Russia has no direct means of access. Yet it is impossible for any prudent Minister to contemplate without uneasiness a country lying in such a relation to his own as Servia does to Austria-Hungary, with its responsible King wandering about Europe like a peaceful but unheroic paladin, its nominal Sovereign a child, its administrators very doubtfully disposed, and an incalculable quantity in the shape of the headstrong ex-Queen hovering about its borders. That the extension of influence given ten years ago to Montenegro has not been followed by any increase in the well-being of the Balkan Peninsula generally is hardly doubtful, but it has had at least the advantage that, if it has made the Black Mountain more powerful for mischief, it has also made it more amenable to correction. Prince NICHOLAS has gone from Vienna, where he has received polite and amiable, but firm, requests to be a good neighbour to good neighbours, to St. Petersburg, where it may be that he will receive the same advice, and it may be that he will not. But it can hardly be doubted that his conduct will be really determined by what he hears at St. Petersburg, and not by what he hears at Vienna.

Meanwhile Russia herself has got a foreign guest, and an important one, in the person of the Shah of PERSIA. Many things, indeed, have passed since the SHAH last journeyed to Europe, and the repetition of his visit affords almost inexhaustible opportunities for those parallels dear to a certain class of newspaper-writers, and perhaps not disliked by a certain class of newspaper-readers. The one among many such parallels which is not futile is the contrast between the respective relations then and now of the country which the SHAH governs, not without ability, to Russia and to England respectively. The difference is serious, but it is not to be regarded with entire despondency on the English side. It is true that Russia has extended her grasp almost round the waist of Persia (so to speak); whereas at the former period the SHAH's dominions were bounded by, or, to speak more accurately, melted off into independent deserts and No Man's Lands. It is true that the influence of Russia at Teheran itself, though subject to not a few vicissitudes, has, on the whole, greatly increased. It is further true that Afghanistan, then an apparently solid buffer, is now weakened. But, on the other hand, while at the former period the defence of India and the relations of Anglo-Indian policy with neighbours were in the vaguest and most uncertain condition, the misfortunes, the blunders, and we fear we must say the crimes, of successive English Governments have at last forced us to open our eyes and

exchange the fool's paradise of doing nothing for the wise man's purgatory of preparation. We have good hope of exercising in Southern Persia an influence not less than that of Russia in Northern, and, at any rate, of preventing the establishment of any Russian hold on the Gulf. We have made considerable advances in Beloochistan. We are far on the way to the completion of a solid first line of Indian defence in the direction of Candahar. Above all, if we have lost the apparent immunity from attack which we once enjoyed, we have lost the dangerous illusions which that immunity generated. On the independence of Persia we can have no designs; on her friendship we can have many. If the SHAH visits London, he may ask himself whether this is an exact description of his relations to some sovereigns whom he will have visited earlier.

#### CRICKET AND GOLF.

THE weather for cricket has hitherto been detestable, though there are signs of better things. No one, however liberal his opinions, can commend a practice of raining so hard on Sundays that the wickets become mere dismal swamps. Some rain on Sundays in the cricket season is laudable and right; but the Isle of Solöe, as chanted by MME. JUDITH GAUTIER, is a dry and bracing place compared with dominical London of late. The plague of darkness, darkness which literally can be smelt, has also spread over the Metropolis; and the memory of Eton and Harrow last year has been revived. Consequently, what with wet, and what with darkness, cricket has been a melancholy and struggling thing; and the visitor to Lord's has occasionally found nobody there or nothing visible.

At this early part of the season interest is mainly fixed on the conduct of the Universities. Usually we find Cambridge winning their matches and Oxford losing theirs, though it does not invariably follow that Cambridge wins the match at Lord's. Year after year Oxford men ask where is the star of a new bowler? and the star never appears above the Orient pines. There is a succession of change bowlers, but never another EVANS, nor BUTLER. Oxford has been beaten by a fairly strong team of gentlemen of England, on a wicket ill adapted for scoring. MR. SHAND and MR. NEPEAN (whom the wicket did not seem likely to suit) got rid of the University for a poor 83, and nobody got any score worth mentioning. MR. JARDINE, a Balliol freshman from Fettes, was run out before he had a chance to distinguish himself. It is not often that Fettes produces a very good cricketer; the Northern genius runs rather in the direction of football. For the Gentlemen MR. WEBBE, MR. NEPEAN, and MR. ROBERTSON, who has learned to bat, as CATO learned Greek, a little late in life, made good scores of 33, 63, and 41, not out. Apparently Oxford has not found a new bowler. MR. SMITH was tried, and he overthrew the impetuous might of MR. THORNTON for a single run; but MR. BASSETT and MR. WREFFORD BROWN are *hesternæ roseæ*, though neither of them bowled or blossomed at Lord's last year. On the second day Oxford was rather more fortunate, though 135 is no great score. MR. GRESSON hit very hard for his 65, and MR. JARDINE'S 23 was made in the manner of the steadfast BARLOW. We prefer seeing a freshman hit like MR. KEMP and MR. M'LACHLAN of old, and it is slow work to occupy two hours nearly in making little over a score. If you stay long enough the runs will come, according to the wisdom of our fathers; but you cannot well stay for ever, and runs may come too slowly, as they do when LOUIS HALL is at the tedious wicket. MR. BACMEISTER, who bowled well, has a name new to us; but it is a German name, and valuable in theological discussion on the new method. The Gentlemen won easily by six wickets, thanks to MR. NEPEAN and MR. WEBBE. MR. FORSTER, who went on late, proved deadly to MR. VERNON and MR. J. G. WALKER. On the whole, there is hardly a new name in the Oxford Eleven, and the old Blues were not very excellent last year.

Cambridge has beaten a rather feeble M.C.C. Eleven. GEORGE HEARNE, and that old Cambridge tower of strength, MR. C. W. WRIGHT, played well, and made more than 70 out of 104. Cambridge has still MR. WOODS, who was only a freshman last year, and who was perhaps the best swift amateur bowler. It will be remembered that he and MR. SMITH sent the Players in sorrow home from Lord's. The name of MR. DE LITTLE is new to us, but he seems at least as dangerous a bowler as MR. WOODS, and, on paper, the

odds are decidedly on Cambridge. It is very difficult for most University Elevens to score against really good swift bowling. It was difficult for M.C.C., who only got 61 in their second innings, MR. DE LITTLE taking seven wickets for 27. On the other hand, Cambridge made 175—not a very great score against the M.C.C. bowling, but “twill serve.” MR. FOLEY, MR. GOSLING, and MR. WOODS were the chief run-getters. It is plain that Cambridge will be hard to beat.

County cricket has not been very exciting. Surrey, of course, easily defeated Essex, LOHMANN making one of the first centuries of the season, while MR. W. W. READ was himself again. In SHARPE, who took seven wickets for 49, Surrey seems to have found a new bowler. Derbyshire just beat M.C.C. by one wicket. The Club had a weak team, and HULME bowled capitally for the County. He made runs, too, and, with CHATTERTON, was the chief run-getter. MR. HORNEY, and the undefeated BARLOW, who went in first and was not out, succeeded in lowering for Lancashire the colours of Leicestershire. BRIGGS got eight wickets, second innings; he is perhaps as good a bowler just now as any man in England. SHREWSBURY'S 104 for Notts against Sussex was an excellent performance, and BARNES and GUNN did well with 40 and 74. Notts is playing M.C.C. this week, and it is to be hoped that the Club has collected a good eleven. Notts has also a fresh bowler in MEE, who is needed a good deal when BARNES happens not to be at his best. MR. NEWHAM'S 59 against FLOWERS, BARNES, ATTEWELL, and MEE was an excellent example to his team; but they did not imitate him.

In golf there is little to note beyond the apparition of the Bulger. This club is the invention of a fresh and scientific mind. The old clubs of last century, like the old bats, were concave, scooped, and spooned. Then came the reign of flat faces, in drivers. But it occurred to an amateur that flat faces produce eccentric drives when you “heel” or “toe” the ball, and he has devised a club with a face slightly convex or bulging; hence “the bulger.” With this driver, according to its friends, you hit harder and straighter than of old; and, if you “heel” or “toe” the ball, you still go straight, the bulge correcting the cut, which makes balls adopt the flight of the boomerang, and land you in the whins, the railway, the sands, or any other lateral hazard. On the other hand, this is denied, and it is argued that only very sure players can keep balls straight, with the bulger. To our mind a ball not hit in the centre will now go to the on where it went to the off, and *vice versa*, so that you are as badly off as before, though in a different direction. Some interest has been excited by the introduction of a Belgian niblick, or iron, with which, according to M. ZOLA, the *braves Belges* hit over five hundred yards. “ZACHARIE, ‘magistralement, lança la cholette à plus de quatre cent ‘mètres, au travers des champs de betteraves. . . .’” “Mouquet déchola d'un bras si rude que son coup unique ‘ramena la bille de cent cinquante mètres en arrière.’” At this game the players cover seven miles in an hour, according to M. ZOLA. And yet this author calls himself a *naturaliste*! The Belgian club is merely a very odd and undeveloped lofting iron, and we challenge M. ZOLA to do the long hole on any links with it in less than fifteen. Or, if M. ZOLA prefers it, we will match a British novelist, a novice, against him, two rounds on any three greens. If M. ZOLA means business, the money and the articles may be heard of at—alas! the old place where they might be heard of is no more; *Bell's Life*, like Troy, is only a name.

#### DATE OBOLUM!

AN appeal has been published, in certain papers, to the public to subscribe towards the expenses of the defeated party in the case of BERESFORD HOPE v. SANDHURST. There are reasons which would dispose us to pass this proceeding without comment. But we are not aware that Lady SANDHURST herself has in any way authorized this attempt to send round the hat; and we are quite sure that MR. BERESFORD HOPE has no intention of suggesting that the public should help him to pay the expense incurred in defending his legal rights. The point is, therefore, not a personal one at all; and, from the public point of view, we can conceive nothing *pejoris exempli* than appeals of this sort. When the Limited Liability Acts were under discussion, some persons—perhaps not the least intelligent—protested strongly against the proposal to exempt a man from



the penalties of speculation—to let him play an unlimited game, and run the loss only of limited stakes. But this is a very much worse business. The practice of inducing those persons who have more money than brains to pay the legal "shot" of those who have, if not more brains, more audacity than money, flies in the teeth of that soundest of all maxims that gambling litigation is the very worst of all gambling. English law is not cheap; but it is not so dear that it is difficult to scrape up by the contributions of "PHILALETHES," "One Whose Blood Boils," "HAMPDEN," "junior," and "A Member of the Softshell Baptist Church of Little Peddlington" the two or three hundred pounds which may have given an infinite deal of trouble to an opponent. And it is most unquestionably desirable that the cases in which such appeals are made should be cases only of proved hardship to the individual and proved benefit at his expense to the public.

Now so far was the case of the defendant in *BERESFORD HOPE v. SANDHURST* from being such a case that no recent instance has been recorded of a more shameless "try-on"—if the sometimes useful language of conversation may be permitted. The House of Lords, according to silly Radicals, is an abode of the darkest works of tyranny and obscurantism. But there are Gladstonians in the House of Lords to the number of several scores, not to say hundreds. Considering that only twenty-three peers voted for, and not a single soul except the amiable mover dared to speak for, Lord MEATH's enabling Bill in the Upper House on Monday, it is not difficult to appreciate the amount of reason capable of being alleged for the measure. It is indeed notorious that, if Lady SANDHURST had established her right of entrance, it would have been a mere case of climbing in over the fold. When the Local Government Bill was passed, it was perfectly well known that the Government did not propose to qualify women for office. It was open during the whole passage of the measure through both Houses to any Radical to move a clause recognizing women's rights. This was not done. Further, when Lady SANDHURST went to the poll, and when her voters voted for her, they did it in face of distinct warning that the one was throwing away her candidature and the others their votes. If after this the loser is to be permitted to draw stakes or to be compensated by a public testimonial for the needless trouble and expense to which she has put herself and other people, it will be time to think seriously of reviving the very salutary checks on maintenance. Heaven knows that there are not too many courts, too many judges, or too much time for settling the disputes of those among HER MAJESTY'S lieges who have real quarrels at issue. Heaven also knows that on our modern wisecrack system of the multiplication of statutes, a corresponding multiplication of openings takes place, through which anybody who hopes to win if he wins, and thinks that there is at least some chance of not losing if he loses, may try to make good a back way to this or that place of advantage or power or notoriety. If any one thing of such a kind is clear, it is that it is not for the public interest to make such litigation common, cheap, or free from risk. The answer which every one who is asked to subscribe to this fund should make is, "Why did not you or your friends get the point settled (as you might without a shadow of doubt or a penny of expense) when the Bill was passing through Parliament immediately before the election in question?" There is not very much cleverness afloat in the Gladstonian party; but ten times what there is would fail to answer that simple question in any other way than "Because we knew we should be defeated in the House, and hoped to steal in by some quibble of law."

#### FETCH MUZZLES!

AS the year advances so do mad dog stories. Not as yet and at present in London to any great extent, but in other not inconsiderable places, the familiar murmurs of apprehension have already been heard. These murmurs have their uses. They should not be permitted to excite a general condition of futile alarm; but they should be used as affording an opportunity for judicious and salutary precaution. Both these ends are attained if the first recurrence of such rumours is made the signal for muzzling orders as regards dogs going abroad, and not, if we may adopt the elegant style of the authors of inscriptions on the notice-boards of square-gardens, "led in a string."

That muzzling dogs greatly diminishes rabies has been

proved by recent experience. There is every reason to believe that persistence in muzzling would bring about its practical extinction. The hardship on the dogs is nothing. Properly muzzled they can enjoy life at least as much as a man wearing an elastic stocking. The hardship on their owners, still more on benevolent but unconcerned spectators, is merely sentimental. The only pity is that it is not a practicable suggestion to muzzle cats as well. Their domestic habits and short noses put such a scheme out of the question; but for all that a rabid cat is more difficult to deal with than a rabid dog, and its bite is probably more dangerous. Dogs, however, can be muzzled, and, if they are, the wicked can walk abroad free from apprehension, while the good are not merely free from apprehension, but are, moreover, filled with joy at the reflection that their dog friends are safe from each other.

The diminution of unreasonable alarm which ensues upon the publication of muzzling orders is in itself an excellent thing. So great is the unreason of this particular sort of scare, that it has been known to infect the very veterinary surgeons, who should be the first to appreciate its lack of foundation. Not long ago a dog, bearing a general personal resemblance to a sheep, except that its height is estimated at seventeen hands, entered a modest dining-room for the purpose of having fits there. This fell design it immediately proceeded to carry out. The company present locked the door, sent for a veterinary surgeon of considerable local renown, and filled up the interval before he appeared with a discussion as to whether the seizure of the afflicted hound was of an epileptic nature, or a variety of rabies, which was reported to be more or less prevalent in the neighbourhood. The vet. came, saw (through the window), and hazarded many more opinions than one. After some minutes of curious discussion, a person acquainted with the dog opened the window and called the animal by name. The man of medicine thereupon "very carefully and quick" took his departure. A greater than he was subsequently summoned from the metropolis, and instantly pronounced the dog's malady to be epileptic, and the seizure occasioned by undue indulgence in bones. He added that the symptoms were, to a trained eye, conclusive against the supposition of rabies. Here, therefore, was a case in which a veterinary surgeon of some distinction was reduced to complete ineffectiveness, and the life of a worthy animal imperilled by a scare of hydrophobia, the like of which might be relegated to ancient history if the muzzle was judiciously and universally employed at fitting seasons. Perhaps the sequel of the story is worth mentioning. It is that the local vet. demanded half a sovereign (or guinea) for his services—or possibly for the mental perturbation he had undergone—handing in at the same time a protest against the "breach of professional etiquette" involved in the fact of the leech from London having advised in the case otherwise than in consultation with himself. The dog is, by latest accounts, in excellent health and "more like a sheep than ever."

#### THE END OF THE NAVY BILL.

THE course of the Naval Defence Bill has been consistent to the end. On the last night of the debate on the third reading, as on the first of the discussion on Lord GEORGE HAMILTON'S Resolutions, the Ministry has presented the same case, and the different sections of the Opposition have said exactly the same things. The unfortunate "responsible politicians," whose state of slavery was described by Mr. GOSCHEN at Sheffield, danced to the piping of the master to whom they are answerable as awkwardly as ever. When it was certain that the Bill was perfectly safe they plucked up a little more heart, and on Monday night contrived to arrange an almost spirited rally. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT emerged from the depression which lasted while it looked as if opposition might be risky, and was insolently contradictory. He gave it as his reason for opposing the Bill that the Ministry's claim to be supported by responsible advisers was "all nonsense." As an argument this is as good as the others Sir WILLIAM uses in these times—as good, and no better. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE assured the fanatics, and the scamps who lead the fanatics by the nose, that they had no cause to complain of him for want of zeal; for, unlike the gentlemen of the Front Opposition Bench who sat on the fence, he had opposed the increase of the navy from the first. As a sample of his powers of reasoning, Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE produced

this argument against the Bill. He showed that between 1864 and 1888 the expenditure of England on her navy was to the expenditure of France as three to two, which proved—we do not very clearly know what, but something which to the mind of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE was conclusive against Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's Bill. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE did not add that this satisfactory outlay had been sent up to the figure it attained by the expenditure forced on Lord NORTHBROOK. For the rest, the House was left to think out the conundrum Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE put it. Why should the fact that a certain rate of expenditure was kept up from 1864 to 1888 be of itself a reason why a similar rate should not be kept up after 1889, or should not for cause shown be increased? Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN was lachrymose as ever, and explained how harsh the language of Admiral FIELD seemed to him. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD made his usual criticism. He allowed that the Government was doing what is right, but professed he was not satisfied with its behaviour. The sin of the Admiralty—so we guess after some reading of the noble and gallant member—is that it will not sufficiently explicitly acknowledge how entirely it owes its conversion to the path of virtue to Lord CHARLES BERESFORD.

Those members of the Opposition who went into the obstruction offered to the passage of the Bill with zeal and conviction hammered away at their two favourite propositions. They repeated for the five-hundredth time or so their firm conviction that all the statements about the navy made by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON within the last two years or so are not severely consistent. They, again, put the FIRST LORD to some trouble to defend himself, so that he had to call in the help of Mr. FORWOOD. In this battle the country can take that attitude which the old Dessauer prayed the Deity to assume in his approaching action with the Austrians. We really do not care whether Lord GEORGE HAMILTON is consistent or not. If we wish to see the navy strengthened, it is for reasons of greater weight than all the belongings, physical or metaphysical, of all the First Lords who have ever lived. The present holder of the office—one of the best seen in our time—did, when very new to the place, venture on the prophecy that the *Nile* and the *Trafalgar* might be the last of the great ironclads laid down. It was then pointed out to him in these pages that the guess was unwarranted and foolish. Lord GEORGE has been converted to this view himself, and the fruits of his happy change are seventy warships, all to be built quickly. Whether Lord GEORGE underrates the strength of the navy now or overrates it then are matters of no importance. At the risk of horrifying the moral purity of Mr. PICTON and shocking the delicate conscience of Mr. STOREY we will even record our opinion that, if it could be proved that Lord GEORGE, in his interior forum, believes the navy to be strong enough, and all additions to it unnecessary, and had only brought in his Bill because he and his colleagues thought it would make them popular, we should not be in the least disturbed or the less inclined to be glad that the ships are to be built. We do not care a jot for Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's motives, and we are sure that the stronger the navy is the better. There is not the least danger that any Admiralty will ever launch out on frantic schemes, entailing an outlay of 150 or 200 millions, such as are occasionally recommended by British admirals in magazine articles. It will stop a great deal short of that, and whatever it gives us will never be much in excess of the country's needs. If it has made a mistake on the safe side for once, if the navy is actually equal to any three foreign navies, and will when Lord GEORGE's scheme is complete be equal to any four, we can only say again, So much the better. One improvement there might be, and it would be that the navy should be equal to any six. It cannot be too strong for our safety, and our chance of either escaping attack or repelling one if made. Therefore the country has good cause to welcome any addition to it, provided the addition be real, and to remain entirely indifferent to the motives of its First Lord. They will be inquired into, as Mr. Midshipman EASY observed to the master, when he is tried above. Here it is safest to judge all men by their acts.

In the admirable passage which Mr. GOSCHEN devoted to the Navy Bill in his Sheffield speech he insisted with force on the obvious interest of the working-man in the strength of the navy. Only those whose armour is their impenetrable silliness can suppose that for us, or for any people, there can be safety in aught but strength. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER showed his hearers what a disturbance in

the working of the delicate system which supplies our food would mean to those who have the smallest margin of reserve to draw on. He might—and the argument would have well become his office—have insisted on the undoubted truth that, of all forms of defence, the navy, as it is the most necessary, so it is the cheapest for us. General HAMLEY has just collected the articles and speeches which he has written or delivered during recent years on one phase or another of the question of National Defence. This volume, the work of the, without exception, most competent writer on military matters now living in England, may be recommended to those who require to have borne in on them what the navy ought to protect us from. General HAMLEY always writes with the understanding that an invasion is possible, and his aim is to show what ought to be done to enable us to meet the enemy on shore. Now, putting everything else aside, there is one reflection which we should imagine ought to occur to all who read his book. It is the enormously costly nature, not so much in mere money as in disturbance and disorganization, of a war on land. The mere landing of an enemy would produce an upset from which it would take us a generation to recover. Sir EDWARD HAMLEY in one passage speaks calmly of the entire cessation of work by all the great contracting and carrying firms in London as a necessary consequence of an invasion, and he is unquestionably right. Remembering what this implies, what loss, direct and indirect, what dislocation of life, it is not too much to say that a month of it would cost more than many such schemes as Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's. And it is a loss which we ought never to incur. Sir EDWARD HAMLEY himself would not and could not deny that, if the navy is only strong enough, an invasion of this country is impossible. No enemy would venture out in the Channel till he was sure not to be interrupted for some space at least. We can take care that he never has that surety. As long as we are not attacked at home, no war can be for us what it is for a Continental nation. It may put a strain upon us, may increase the cost of living, may impose sacrifices of ease; but these are small evils compared to foreign invasion and occupation. In a naval war the fighting is not among the homes of one or both of the combatants. In a naval war, too, the "tax of blood" which must be paid is slight compared to what is demanded in a land war. More Englishmen were killed and wounded on the battlefield of Waterloo than in all the great naval battles of the great war. Now, when the crews are smaller in proportion to the size of the ship than they ever were, fewer men will be needed to man the fleet, and therefore fewer lives will be lost. Whether in money or in blood, the naval war costs less than the land, and should be preferred. To make it certain that our naval power can never be broken down would therefore be both the cheapest course and the most humane. That it is also incomparably the most statesmanlike is self-evident. And this settled superiority can be obtained and kept. It is simply a question of building ships enough, and training men to handle them.

#### BETTING AND CRIME.

IF it is the business of the police to provide periodical sensations for the jaded taste of the town, then Mr. MOXRO must be commended for his spirited raids upon the Field and the Adelphi Clubs. "Peers and Pugilists" is a good line for the bill. The capture of three live lords, two of whom belonged to the class described by the Essex farmer when indicating his only possible sons-in-law as "them as 'sits'; of a gentleman reputed to have spent a quarter of a million in a year; along with barristers, solicitors, actors, waiters, and persons of "no occupation" except gambling, is an event to be talked about for a day, and to live in Fleet Street numbers one day more. Mr. GEORGE LEWIS, who appeared for the nobility, solemnly contradicted the rumour that the intervention of Scotland Yard was invoked by one of his aristocratic clients' aristocratic mammas. These things agitate the area and flutter the servants' hall. But they are not national portents. They do not foretell the immediate abolition of the Upper House. They do not indicate the universal corruption of good or of bad society. They do not prove that, except in the sense conveyed by Holy Scripture, the heart of man is desperately wicked. No doubt the head of man is often desperately foolish, especially when his natural tendency to silliness is not counteracted by the necessity of working for his bread. The



philosopher under the tiles, or over them, cannot help asking himself the question, "If one set of fools like to lose their money to another set of dittos, what is that to me?" The ordinary duty of the police is to protect life and property, and to preserve order in public places. It is not alleged that the Field Club, or the Adelphi Club, was a nuisance to the neighbourhood. We must infer from the decision of Mr. HANNAY, as well as from a previous judgment in the High Court of Justice, that both these places of entertainment have been established and maintained in violation of the law. The law of betting is not so plain, so simple, or so rational as might be desired. It seems that you may bet on a racecourse, on the Stock Exchange, or in a club which is used for ordinary social purposes. A bet lost cannot be legally recovered. But if you employ another man to bet for you, and he pays, he can recover the amount, unless you have expressly forbidden him to pay it. A time bargain is enforceable by action, though a difference bargain, where the actual property never passes nor was meant to pass, is not. A and B may wager hundreds of thousands at Epsom with absolute impunity. But if C sticks up an umbrella on the ground, with intent that the other letters of the alphabet may stake sixpences and shillings under it, he may be prosecuted.

Perhaps, if Sir CHARLES RUSSELL is ever again Attorney-General, the law of gaming and wagering may be consolidated and amended. Meanwhile the Act of 1845 defines a common gaming-house with some little ingenuity. It provides that, "in default of other evidence," which would apparently be preferred, "proving any house to be a common gaming-house, it shall be sufficient, in support of the allegation in any indictment or information that any house or place is a common gaming-house, to prove that such house or place is kept or used for playing therein at any unlawful game, and that a bank is kept there by one or more of the players, including among the players the banker or other person by whom the game is managed, or against whom the other players stake, play, or bet." The proceedings before Mr. HANNAY, which must be presumed to have had for their object the discouragement of gambling, disclose the interesting fact that the penalty for frequenting such places as the Field Club is six-and-eightpence—a sum which suggests that attorneys must in former times have had something to do with drafting Acts of Parliament. The proceedings before Mr. VAUGHAN, to which a like virtuous aim may, without hazardous looseness of conjecture, be attributed, show that, in the opinion of that worthy and experienced magistrate, the most suitable punishment for frequenting a gambling-house is to be examined against the proprietor of the same. It is greatly to be feared that judicial farces of this kind will not do much more to stop gambling than leading articles in the *Daily Telegraph*, or eloquent sermons from Archdeacon FARRAR. It is said that exposure is in itself a punishment, and will deter the professional gamester from his game. References to the Jew APPELLA are pedantic, and allusions to the horse-marines are trite. Perhaps, therefore, we may be permitted to quote, as equally apposite and less hackneyed, the defence of a certain journal which was once accused of corrupting youthful minds by stories of sensational wickedness. The reply of the incriminated newspaper was that a young man about to be hanged for the murder of his mother had expressed himself as standing in far greater dread of having his story told, with a portrait, "in our next" than of the executioner and the gallows. Those who believe that statement will also believe in publicity as a cure for gambling. Baccarat may be a dangerous game, and certainly the worst thing a man can do with his money is to waste it. But gambling in private houses, which cannot be stopped, is far more likely to be unfair than public gambling, which can; and perhaps we may remind the police, in conclusion, that they have not yet caught the Whitechapel murderer.

#### NYASSALAND.

LORD SALISBURY'S reply last Saturday to one of the strongest and most respectable deputations which have ever represented at once spiritual and secular enterprise in *partibus infidelium* had the double merit of being outspoken and of not being rash. In the welter of trouble which has set in, by no means without English fault, over the whole interior of Africa from the Zambesi to the

Equator, it is well known that English missions, which in no part of the world are more generally free from the charges, sometimes not unjustly brought, against missionaries than here, have been recently exposed to very serious dangers and difficulties. Further, in Nyassaland itself, the difficulty is complicated by the fact that the slave-traders are attacking British trade as well as British missions, and that the Portuguese have not merely set up claims, but have attempted practical restrictions which threaten in the most serious manner, not merely the prosperity of the missionaries and the merchants, but the whole development of the English protectorate in South Central Africa. In the first place, the Portuguese authorities, while not exactly "helping the bear," or conniving at the slave-traders, are throwing every impediment they can in the way of the importation of those arms which are necessary to enable the colonists on Lake Nyassa to hold their own; and, in the second, they are, at any rate in words, declaring their intention to insist on the complete control of the Zambesi navigation, and even on the sovereignty of Africa from sea to sea—that is to say, of all the districts included between their undoubted possessions on the Mozambique coast and their equally undoubted possessions in Lower Guinea.

With regard to the importation of arms question Lord SALISBURY, of course, could not say very much. There was a time, no doubt, when we should simply have sent the admiral on the station to a convenient port, and have suggested, with watch on table, that the obnoxious restrictions should be at once withdrawn for fear of consequences. There was also a time, and a long one, when we were on such good terms with Portugal that there would have been no need of such measures. There was even a time, after pusillanimity had interfered with the use of the one method and folly had destroyed the possibility of the other, when Portugal would have been very unlikely to do anything that could not have been got over by judicious "tips" to the captain of the port or the governor or whoever the person might be. All these times have changed.

But it is at least satisfactory to see that Lord SALISBURY has no intention either of admitting the larger Portuguese claims or of submitting them to the same juggle of loaded dice which lost us Delagoa Bay. The claim to the navigation of the Zambesi is, it must be admitted, not quite so clear as the claim to sovereignty over the interior, on which indeed it depends. But that claim itself is absolutely baseless and absurd; and Portugal might just as well plead the Pope's division of the Indies between herself and Spain as a ground of claim. At no time in history has any part of the territory in question, except the two coast districts, been in any sense under Portuguese sovereignty. At the time when, thirty or forty years ago, it was opened up and practically discovered by LIVINGSTONE, the Portuguese neither exercised any sovereign rights nor claimed them. As for the argument that because the two bounding coast districts are Portuguese the intervening continent must be theirs too, it would be as reasonable for a man who has estates in Cornwall and estates in Kent to urge that Wiltshire and Surrey must be his property. At any rate, the English protectorate has been *de facto* extended to the Zambesi. Lord SALISBURY seems to decline to extend it further, and there are, no doubt, arguments on both sides, though it may be questioned whether the balance is not in favour (especially considering what has happened in continental Zanzibar) of taking time by the forelock. But if he declines to make Nyassaland British territory, he declares that "there is no danger of any such thing" as its becoming Portuguese territory. That means that Portugal, who has already been told that it is not hers, will not be permitted to take it, and that is the position which it is important to maintain. The African Lakes Trading Company must look to the rest, and it has good precedents to guide its eyes.

#### MANNERS MAKYTH BOOKS.

WHO reads books of Etiquette? It is clear that somebody does, for otherwise they would not continue to be published in such preposterous numbers. Two more or less new ones lie before us, one called *Good Form*, by Mrs. ARMSTRONG (F. V. WHITE & Co. 1889), and the other, which is smaller, but has more in it, entitled *Modern Etiquette in Public and Private* (FREDERICK WARNE & Co.) These works could hardly have been published unless there was a

reasonable hope of profit arising from their sale, and such a hope could arise only from actual experience of the happy fate of similar volumes on previous occasions. Who, then, are the readers? And do they avail themselves of the miscellaneous advice with which their guides furnish them? Do any ladies walk anxiously round their dinner-tables, etiquette-book in hand, murmuring to themselves, "Three large knives, one small knife, three large forks, one small fork, and a tablespoon for eating soup"? Do gentlemen, before leaving their dressing-rooms, consult *Modern Etiquette* to see whether it is time to cut their nails? Ladies, we are convinced, have no nails.

One thing which makes the existence of so many etiquette-books curious is the monotony of treatment and of subjects treated which distinguishes all of them. The two in question, for instance, both think it necessary to advise ladies about to give dinner-parties that it is not the right thing to do to have music in the drawing-room before dinner. Both picture to their readers, with a pleasing display of sentiment, the feelings of a young lady attending her first ball, though in this connexion it is right to record one rather original statement contained in *Good Form*—namely, that a newly-introduced partner is likely to say to such a young person (*débutante* is the etiquette-book slang), "May I see your card?" It is astonishing how courageous young men have grown in the last thirty or forty years. The most striking thing to be found in *Good Form* is the explanation of a form of entertainment known as "evening calls." These functions "are another variety of the small and early party, and are only given during the winter." If you are so favoured as to have the opportunity of paying (or attending, or whatever the correct word may be) an evening call, "your hostess will tell you that she expects a few friends next Monday, that she is simply going to substitute an evening at home for her usual afternoon reception. It is not to be a formal affair, and you are not to trouble to call after it—if you come that will be a call—it is an evening call, instead of a morning one." That is how you are invited; but, when you arrive next Monday, you discover that "the only difference between an evening call and an evening party lies in the fact that there is no supper at the former function." More appetizing, but hardly less mysterious, is the description of a "strawberry tea." To this the happy guest is invited by "the girls of the family," by means of "a special kind of notepaper, invented for the purpose," and the correct form of invitation is "Dear Miss So-and-so,—Will you come to a strawberry tea at four o'clock on such a day?" It is a rather formal feast, because "Tea is served at a long, narrow table, and the guests seat themselves at each side." There must be exactly as many gentlemen as ladies . . . But it is worth going to, because "A plate of strawberries (without the stalks) appear [*sic*] in each place."

These particulars suffice to show that *Good Form* is decidedly more original than etiquette-books commonly are. *Modern Etiquette*, though the new information it conveys is of less general value, does contain one or two rather novel statements. For example, in discoursing of the difficulties of selecting and arranging the guests at a dinner-party, the author observes:—"It is generally laid down that it is wrong to invite people of widely dissimilar opinion; but who can tell whether the man who looks at things from a different point of view to the majority of those present may not play the part of an olive at the banquet?" We may be old-fashioned, but we must confess that in the event of meeting at dinner a person who had the misfortune to be, say, a Gladstonian, we should firmly decline to eat him at dessert, even after washing him in a wine-glass. Never should the margin of any plate of ours be cumbered with his stony heart.

#### THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE AND IRELAND.

THE vigorous vitality and the steadily increasing influence of the Primrose League have for a long time past stood in no need of so overwhelming a demonstration to the senses as they received the other night at Her Majesty's Theatre. They have been made sufficiently manifest to the intelligence for many a day by the artless exasperation which the Gladstonians are good enough to display whenever they find it necessary to refer to the League and its doings. This emotion will not be rendered less intense by the striking and entirely correct account which Lord SALISBURY gave on the above-mentioned occasion of the

motive power at the back of the flourishing organization, and of the causes to which it owes its spread and success. At present, so far as we can see, they have been content to receive the PRIME MINISTER's lucid exposition of this matter in disgusted silence; and in compassion for the difficulties of their case we are quite willing to grant them an extension of time for their reply. In the meantime the activity and the astounding growth of the League remain facts of a highly encouraging character for those who desire, not only to maintain the Union, but generally to give our effete political institutions a little longer trial before calling in Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. CONYBEARE to provide us with a complete suit of new ones. It is indeed even more perhaps as a defensive confederacy against the tyrannical pretensions of Radicalism in general than as an organized force of opposition to Gladstonian designs on our national unity that the League is to be valued. Of the two principles represented in its motto, the latter we are inclined to think is the more persistently, if at the moment it be the less immediately and urgently, threatened. The enemies of an *Imperium* may one day or other be content to accept defeat; but the whole drift of modern democratic politics seems likely to expose *Libertas* to incessant attack from some quarter or another. Lord SALISBURY certainly did not lay one whit too much stress on the peculiar danger to which liberty, no longer menaced, except in the belated visions or the too wideawake fictions of the spouting demagogue, by the Crown or the Executive, is nowadays in reality exposed. There was no exaggeration at all in his warning against the ever-growing "tendency of sections of the community, when by some chance they got hold of a superior power through the ballot or Parliament, to enforce their unjust interests at the expense of the right and just claims of their fellows." And we share, if not his entire confidence, at any rate his hope, that associations like the Primrose League will, by teaching men to think of the institutions of their country, and to study political questions, convince them that the permanence of these institutions and the existence side by side of classes in peaceable and friendly intercourse can only be secured by limiting the action of the law to the utmost possible salutary extent, and taking care that it be never used "for infringing on the interest of one class or the rights of another save under the pressure of distinctly proved public necessity."

Descending to less general questions of policy, and to the current controversies of the day, the PRIME MINISTER gave expression to some highly encouraging, but not, we think, unduly hopeful reflections on the situation in Ireland. He laid stress in particular on the rapid process of dissolution which the alliance of the predatory and the revolutionary forces in Ireland is going through—describing the former of these two allies with that wholesome bluntness of language which Lord SALISBURY almost alone, even among his own party, is wont to use in speaking of the enterprise of "public plunder" once denounced by the statesman who has just been embracing the arch-plunderer amidst the sobs of his female followers at the Grosvenor Gallery. The impulse which propels the enterprise is dignified usually by the name of an "agrarian feeling," but Lord SALISBURY describes it in terms of well-merited scorn when he says that, though that name may serve as well as another, he could "find you an agrarian feeling in any street in London." An alliance between this very common and widespread desire to possess the property of other people, and the very sparsely diffused and very ineffective desire for political independence is, we quite agree, an incongruous one. It is qualified, no less accurately than epigrammatically, as a "union of feelings that, though unreasonable, are not themselves ignoble, with feelings which, though not unreasonable, are in themselves base." But we do not entirely follow Lord SALISBURY to his apparent conclusion that this element of incongruity must necessarily work, or at any rate that it must work within any period practically worth taking into account, as a solvent of the combination. On the contrary, we fear that, like many other incongruous alliances, it is capable of holding together with the greatest possible tenacity so long as the diverse objects of the parties to it remain unattained; and, indeed, that nothing but "hard pounding" at it on the part of the Executive is likely to break it up. It is true that this hard pounding is just what the alliance has been getting for two years past at the hands of Mr. BALFOUR, and we are very far from denying that the process has been attended with most conspicuously valuable results. There is every reason to hope that, if it is steadily persevered with, we shall see



these "two currents of opinion separate," and that, as people find that "there is more profit in tranquillity than in outrage and disorder, we shall find the forces of the Nationalist party desert them, and nothing left but the hollow Nationalist sentiment from which we have nothing to fear." All we say is that that time is not yet, and that, in all probability, another election will have to occur, and the Irish plunder-hunters to be convinced that no help is to be got from an English electorate led astray by the politicians of the piratical school in this country before the time in question can come at all. In the meantime, as Lord SALISBURY says, the struggle that has been going on has served a good purpose in dispelling the idea of "a semi-detached Ireland," and making it more and more clear to all candid minds that there is no halfway-house between the Union that exists and a separation only disguised by "the golden link of the Crown."

It is highly significant in this connexion to note the almost panic-stricken hostility which has been excited in the most violent of the Nationalist newspapers by the revival of the proposal to abolish the office of Lord-Lieutenant. That proposal has never before, we believe, been so influentially supported as it is at present, as it certainly has never been—in another sense—so influentially opposed. If anything could add force to a recommendation backed by such authoritative names as those which appeared at the foot of the circular convening the meeting held the other day at Lord WATERFORD's house, it would be the alarmed opposition with which the project has been met in the columns of *United Ireland*. It is easy to understand the cause of the Parnellite uneasiness. Circumstances have entirely changed since the day when it was good Nationalism to denounce the Viceroyalty. Since then Mr. GLADSTONE has introduced a Bill containing the insane proposal—which even GRATTAN and O'CONNELL shrank from—of creating a separate Executive in Ireland, and, with a view to disguising the monstrosity of this creation, the maintenance of the Viceroyalty becomes a matter of high importance. The Parnellites do not care about the Lord-Lieutenant as a ceremonial figure-head, but they see that he can be made most valuable—that in fact he is indispensable—as a political screen. It is impossible for a Unionist not to feel that this circumstance adds immense attraction to the proposal to abolish the office. No one, we think, can doubt that if there had been no direct representative of the Sovereign in Ireland—no physical embodiment of the idea conveyed in the phrase of the "golden link of the Crown"—the fatuity of Mr. GLADSTONE's constitution-making for Ireland would have been visible to many thousands of eyes into which that infatuated constitution-maker contrived to throw dust. As little can it be doubted that the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenantcy would throw obstacles in the way of any repetition of the attempt. But after all it would not be wise to stake too much upon this. If we could be sure that the Home Rule question, if once more thrust upon the constituencies, would be settled on principles of pure reason, we might well adopt any plan which should simplify the reasoned exposure of the danger of Gladstonian Home Rule. But we are not, we cannot, be sure that pure reason would play as large a part in the settlement of such a question as pure sentiment; and sentiment must be fought with sentiment. It would not do to purchase symmetry or easier logical defensibility for the existing Union at the cost of alienating any important portion of that sentimental loyalty on which, in Ireland at least, it largely rests. If we could be sure that this feeling would be conciliated, rather than estranged, by substituting a Royal Prince for the Irish Viceroy; and if we could be sure of always catching and keeping our Royal Prince whenever and as long as we want him, it would be another matter. But at present these points, though they may have been more or less plausibly represented as demonstrated, can hardly be said to have received actual proof.

#### THE BATTLE OF REGENT STREET.

THE Briton who, lounging in Regent Street on Saturday evening, happened to witness the encounter between MM. ROCHEFORT and PILOTTELL, went on his way a happier and a prouder man. We know the Briton's heart; and we know that, with all his later affectations of modesty in such matters, he has ever in the inmost depths of him an unflinching well of thankfulness that a Briton he is, and certainly no Frenchman. For many more generations

than one he was taught that he should never cease to acknowledge his gratitude to heaven for the transcendent blessing of his birth and blood; and what he was enjoined to do that he did, with the fullest sense of the duties of thankfulness. After Waterloo, however, it seems to have been felt that gratitude itself might well be silent. Its expression was not only unnecessary and superfluous, it became tainted with ungenerosity and vitiated by an apparent lack of commiseration for other European peoples. Modesty is the crowning grace of greatness, and it was time for every good Briton to put on the pearly diadem. It was done, more or less; and next we began to doubt whether we had not been over-braggart in the bad old times of the Nile and Trafalgar, and to assure each other that the charge of insular pride so often levelled at us from the Continent had a vast deal too much truth in it, since, in point of fact, the Englishman had no native superiority worth talking about. Nevertheless, only a few philosophers whose blood had run to ink ever believed all that. The old pride was concealed, but it existed; and from time to time every man of us haled it secretly from its secret place to rejoice in it, like the miser, who will not boast of his wealth on any account, but who would hesitate to give up the joy of its possession for any other.

The complement of self-pride is the despising of others. But self-pride may not be unjustifiable; while the despising of others, especially if the poor things cannot help what they are despised for, is always more or less ignoble. Therefore, while the Briton tried to think less of himself without ever succeeding much, his determination to regard certain French peculiarities as occasional rather than general, individual and not national, had a far greater success. Let us, however, tell the whole truth about the Old Adam in us, and confess that even here we doubted all the while whether we were not doing ourselves a kind of injustice. From time to time some street scene, some Chamber-of-Deputies "row," wherein HECTOR and ACHILLES, fifty times multiplied, fell to mauling each other like cats in a garden, revived all the old sweeping contempt and all the old gratitude that we were born different in a right little, tight little island. If these sentiments are wicked or likely to lower the national character, the affray in Regent Street is nothing less than a misfortune for England. Had it occurred in Paris it would have been a different matter. We should have read the newspaper reports of it, figured to ourselves dimly the appropriate scene of another incident in the life of HENRI ROCHEFORT, viewed the incident itself as through a distant haze, and have taken no harm from the revival of an injurious general conclusion. It has been otherwise ordered; and we can tell the French people that if the arch-fiend BISMARCK had contrived the business (and it is well known that he is quite capable of it), the effect could not have been more pleasing to himself in its own way. It is the very thing that he might have contrived on a hint from Sparta, if, possessing hypnotic powers, he had brought MM. ROCHEFORT and PILOTTELL under the stress of his will, and then set them down in Regent Street. It is one thing to read about the sayings and doings of Helots under the influence of liquor (the French people will understand that we mean this as a Bismarckian illustration, not our own), quite another to find a couple of them performing in your own drawing-room just before dinner-time. Under such circumstances the significance, the emphasis of the thing comes out with startling distinctness; and never again do you come across a native of the Laconian town without a feeling of invidious reminiscence. Of course we know that, as a matter of fact, German intrigue had nothing to do with the fracas in Regent Street. The exhibition was voluntary, spontaneous; but on that very account its effect on the British mind will be all the more telling and perhaps deplorable.

And what an exhibition it was! M. ROCHEFORT is a gentleman. More; he is a man of the world. By breeding, education, association, he is fully equipped—or should be—with a perfect knowledge of all that becomes a gentleman in his own house and in the house of a stranger. According to Mr. GEORGE LEWIS, as instructed by M. ROCHEFORT, M. PILOTTELL is not a gentleman; but, while the bare word of the French deputy cannot be taken on that point, we are constrained to confront M. PILOTTELL with a fact of melancholy import both for himself and for England. He has been for fourteen years, or so it is reported, a resident of this country; and yet in all that time we have never cured him of the habits of the swaggering boulevardier, or he is incapable of learning under one

set of most advantageous circumstances what another set have left M. ROCHEFORT equally ignorant of—namely, that London is not Paris. They come together, these gentlemen, in a street which is not a Whitechapel thoroughfare but a place of “fashionable resort.” It is a fair summer eve. One gentleman is seen walking with a lady. The other approaches him, and moved by the knightly spirit which never forgets insult, he seizes him by the collar, calls him a *miserable* (which is as bad as saying “Pfiu” to a German chancellor), and in order to “have a little revenge on that face” strikes it with a glove. M. PILOTTELL’S exaltation at that moment can never be known to even the most chivalrous of English gentlemen. Unfortunately, like the delicious sensation of falling from a balloon, it did not last long. M. PILOTTELL had forgotten that the only arms he carried with him were the limbs which he afterwards extended to the police magistrate’s view in explaining his destitution. At the same time he was unaware, and did not even suspect, that M. ROCHEFORT had a pistol in his pocket—a loaded pistol, which had only to be released from an elegant morocco case to be used with effect. Of the lady who accompanied M. ROCHEFORT, all we know is that she did not scream, and that her presence was neither protection for M. PILOTTELL nor restraint upon the gentleman whom he had assailed. Out comes the pistol, still in its case. Away bolts the heroic PILOTTELL. After him ROCHEFORT (what a spectacle for Regent Street!), pistol-case in hand. Down falls PILOTTELL. Up comes the other gentleman, kicks his adversary on the ground, bangs him with the pistol-case, is carried off to a police-station, is presently bailed out, and goes off to dine and be interviewed by “an *Observer* man,” to whom he talks with the very tongue of Mr. LABOUCHERE!

Now, so far as we are concerned, that seems to be the worst feature of the case. Even though we refrain from following the ROCHEFORT-PILOTTELL incident into the police-court, where it received further and most brilliant illustration, no sufficient space is left to us for the deliverance of the thoughts that crowd upon the mind as we re-peruse the *Observer* interview. It may be that the reign of French Radicalism in England is far distant yet. But here is one of the latest products of its native land, a gentleman—do not let us forget that—well-bred, well-educated, coming over here to chase another person of the same politics up and down Regent Street, pistol in hand; and, when he is caught and interviewed, talking so much like one of our own most eminent French-Radicals that there is no distinguishing between the two. And the style is the man! It would seem, then, that the Regent Street fracas has a deeper interest for Englishmen than they may possibly gather as observers of French manners and French character. In all likelihood M. PILOTTELL has had enough of it at present; but if he could be persuaded to affront Mr. LABOUCHERE as he affronted M. ROCHEFORT, the consequences might be of the very highest value to the British public, indicatively. We really do not know how far gone in imitation our own Jacobins are; and anything that brought that matter to the test, even though it ended in the destruction of a PILOTTELL by a LABOUCHERE, or *vice versa*, would be a boon to the political student.

#### COAL AND SUGAR.

THESE two necessary and comfortable articles are both familiar at this moment. Each of them is the excuse for an agitation in which most of the theory is on one side and nearly all the sense is on the other. The division is sharper in the case of sugar than of coal, but the difference is not considerable. In both a number of men, some of whom are honest fanatics, some worthy gentlemen who have performed the not very rare or difficult feat of persuading themselves that what is best for their own interests is necessarily most consonant with justice and right, and a number of very astute persons indeed who act on a good old rule about sticks and dogs, are banded together to obtain something which they all for various reasons happen to desire. Sugar the one party wishes to keep cheap by allowing certain foreign importers who are supported by their Governments to drive all competitors from the market. What will happen when this object has been effected they do not for the present stop to inquire. Some of them do not even care to remember that they themselves were a few years ago engaged in endeavouring to do

the very thing which they oppose now. As for coal, the desire of the agitators is to make it cheaper by taking off a tax paid by the merchant, and in lieu thereof imposing a rate which will be paid by the householder. Whether the merchant will take off from his price an amount equivalent to the tax from which he is freed is a matter almost as doubtful as the ultimate action of the bounty-aided sugar-importer. In the presence of these uncertainties it is no great consolation to know that in each case the agitators stand a very fair chance of winning, though their victory is not yet certain.

The difficulties which caused Sir J. PEASE’S Bill to be referred to a hybrid Committee will probably be new to many of the public, even to that part of it which has a genuine interest in the measure. They will learn for the first time that, if the coal dues are allowed to drop or are abolished, the old weighing fees granted to the City by charter and statute will revive. They will also learn that the dues, after being freely employed for the purpose of carrying out improvements, are mortgaged to the creditors of the City who advanced money to carry out those improvements. Before Sir J. PEASE’S good wishes for the London poor and the Durham coalowners can be carried in act, it will be necessary in the first place to secure the guaranteed rights of the City, and then to look to the even more strongly guaranteed rights of creditors. To find some way of doing both these things, if not to come to the decision that the loss of the dues would be a misfortune, will be the duty of the Committee to which the Ministry has agreed to refer the Bill. The action of the Cabinet has been marked by very decided weakness. Its members are clearly not of one mind on the subject. Mr. RITCHIE and Mr. MATTHEWS, who alone spoke on Tuesday evening, were by no means in agreement. The decision to accept the second reading, and refer the Bill to a Committee, has much the look of a manoeuvre to avoid, or at least to postpone, a risky discussion. It is to be regretted that the Government has not taken a more decisive line, and that too one of opposition to the Bill. But the course it has preferred is easily explicable. In these days whoever can by hook or crook drag “the cause of the poor” into his statement of case is thought to have given an argument for it, and can fairly hope to bear down all opposition based on mere common sense and experience. The cause of the poor has, as we know, been freely used in the coal dues discussion, with the natural consequence that the knees of all whose business it is to conduct the affairs of the country in Parliament have been greatly shaken. And yet, if mere assertion is put aside, it would be difficult to find in the speeches delivered on Wednesday any reason for believing that the poor will profit by the abolition of the dues, and it is very nearly certain that many who are a little above the poor will smart for it. The character of the support given to Sir J. PEASE is of itself suspicious. That Mr. FIRTH should help him was a matter of course. Mr. FIRTH would help anything which had the air of being spiteful towards the Corporation. The bulk of the support accorded to Sir J. PEASE comes, however, from coal mineowners and gas Companies. Now the disinterested benevolence of coal mineowners and gas Companies is not a thing proved beyond dispute. They, no doubt, have their share of the kindlier virtues; but they are also liable to the ordinary kinds of human weakness, and as liable as the rest of us to that particular one we specified above—the weakness of thinking that a thing must needs be right because it is convenient to yourself. Certainly, if their conduct is judged on ordinary human principles, it seems strange that they should be so zealous for the removal of the dues if the result of that relief is indeed to be a reduction in the price of coal and gas. Why should they be so anxious to go on making just the same profit they do now? That would be better, no doubt, than to lose; but it is not the kind of prize which usually excites even the least ambitious of mankind to display that extraordinary activity which the wisdom of our fathers attributed to the Devil in a gale of wind. It is generally out of a hope to win that men are so zealous. But the gas Companies and the mineowners cannot win if the price of gas and coals goes down by the amount of the tax. Then we ask again, Why so busy? Out of pure benevolence, says Sir J. PEASE. We bow to the moral superiority of our business friends. Our conscience is pricked. We know that we are really afraid that our rates will go up, and that our gas and coal will not come down in proportion. So we would rather keep the dues we have than be saddled with the rates the County Council may make us acquainted withal—which is



an ignoble frame of mind, altogether wanting in the altruism shown by our mineowners and gas Companies.

The case which Mr. GOSCHEN made out for the Sugar Convention was as convincing as his defence of the Navy Bill, though, unhappily, not given for a triumphant measure. He disposed of the cry that the Convention had more to do with the recent rise in the price of sugar than the persons denounced in the *Rejected Addresses* had to do with that earthquake in the Caraccas which raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos. When Mr. GOSCHEN was done with this scarecrow, it looked as pitiable as Mr. MORLEY's brown-paper epigram about the dear sugar and cheap and abundant flogging. The Bill for providing this latter boon came backed by one of the few Radicals who do not wait till a man has brutally assaulted a woman or a child, or has murdered a tenant for paying his rent, before they begin to sympathize with him, as the manner is with the ruck of the Radical party. As far as reasoning and example could do it, Mr. GOSCHEN proved that the object of the Convention was to put the sugar trade on a natural footing, and supply a protection against the extortion of the monopolist by widening to the utmost the area from which the supply is drawn. By persuading other nations to withdraw their bounties, this object would be attained. The clamour which has been raised against the Convention by the official Opposition is in any case particularly absurd, since they themselves attempted to do an exactly similar thing in their time. But, effective as were Mr. GOSCHEN's defence of the Convention and his handling of the Opposition, he did not show, and indeed did not try to show, that the Ministry had given proof of great judgment either in trying to do the thing or in the manner of their attempt. It is possibly no great loss either of time or prestige that an alternative chopping block should be given to the Opposition. The worry which is caused and the time which is wasted by the baiting of Baron DE WORMS would have been respectively caused and wasted on some other pretext if no Sugar Convention had ever been heard of. But the Ministry has given the Opposition an opening for something more than its usual obstruction. Question-time on Tuesday night showed that Ministers had undertaken the arranging of the Convention without previously getting a very precise notion of the extent and variety of the business they had undertaken. That Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH could not say what course was to be taken in dealing with the importation of bounty-fed sugar from what we may call a neutral State, and, further, did not know whether we should be bound by the Convention or not, was little to the credit of the Cabinet's business faculty. The ringing of the changes between Government offices in the negotiations and the extreme haziness of the Treasury Bench as to who is responsible for what are also among those things which do not help a Ministry. Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT made the most of them, of course. But it is none the more excusable on that account. Why was Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT helped to his loud halloo? Although what the Government is doing is in itself commendable and the means chosen are innocent, we think that, as things stand, it would be better to suspend work for this Session, and to look carefully to the aim, the means, and the workmen before beginning it again.

#### LORD MALMESBURY.

THE death of Lord MALMESBURY removes one of the last of a generation of men who did remarkable service to the public, and who, in their exact circumstances and relations, are not likely to be replaced. He was at one time a kind of butt to the stupider members of the Radical party, because (among other things) of an odd weakness of his on the subject of grammar, a weakness especially odd in a near descendant of "HERMES" HARRIS. He began political life not very early, almost the whole of the younger Tory aristocracy having been kept out of office for some twenty years (all but a short time) after the first Reform Bill; and though his inherited diplomatic *savoir* and his abundant relations on the Continent made his apprenticeship easy to him, he had to serve as a late-come apprentice in the office which of all others demands early training—the Foreign Office. He was unlucky, too, in the circumstances in which he first mixed in public life. He was a personal friend of the Emperor NAPOLEON III., and though he never allowed this

friendship to interfere with his duty to his country, it created a certain prejudice against him. He began to carry on affairs under the impression that England would still use the methods of PITT, of CANNING, and of his own rival, PALMERSTON, and found that she had taken to those of the Manchester School. He was not always quite justly treated by his colleagues, and somewhat early in old age or late elderliness he was incapacitated from active public life by deafness and other ailments. But before he left that life he had one moment which will become historic, if it is not so already—the moment when it was his duty to lead the protest (successful in the Lords, and all but successful in the Commons) against that *gran rifiuto* of England which has been the cause of all the subsequent troubles of Europe, the refusal to discharge pledges and to protect Denmark against the shameless aggression of Austria and Prussia in 1864. Next to a triumphant record, no Foreign Minister could wish to have his last important public appearance in connexion with the subject of foreign policy better timed.

A very few years ago Lord MALMESBURY took a revenge on his detractors which seems to have surprised those detractors as much as it did not surprise others. The man who had for years been held up by cheap Radical scribes as a kind of personification of the stupid party produced an excellent book of Memoirs, full of shrewdness, by no means destitute of humour, testifying to unusually varied interests and faculties (that of polished speech and writing excepted), and still fuller of that general knowledge of the world and power of reducing things to their level which are far more rare in self-made statesmen than in those who have been (as said one who had quite brains enough to have spared the claptrap) rocked and dandled into statesmanship. Moreover, in these same Memoirs, Lord MALMESBURY showed, for the first time to the public, not by any means for the first time to his friends, a remarkable good-nature which approached magnanimity, if it did not quite reach it. He was a great encomiast of Lord BEACONSFIELD, who had not always been very well inclined to him, and he bore with equal equanimity the qualified kindness of others of his political friends. That he was a great man no one would say; nor was he a bookish man, nor one invariably of discretion. But he had that curious good sense which is quite consistent with some indiscretion, but which is much more often found in persons of his own circumstances of life than in others. To take examples, though it was a gross injustice and absurdity to call him stupid, the phrase might have been and was applied to him with at least more plausibility than to his famous contemporaries and opponents, Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CORBEN (we refrain from later parallels still more apposite). Yet he could never have been guilty of the political *bêtises* which constantly marked both CORBEN and BRIGHT. His aptitudes of inheritance and education made such things impossible to him. Fortunately his kind, though changed, is not dead yet in England, for all that Mr. LABOUCHERE hath said in his heart.

#### "WITH YOU, SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT."

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT was distinctly out of form in his speech at Manchester the other day. He joked little and that "wi' deeficulty." He repeated himself, which is a mistake even in jesters, who have from time immemorial, and in view of the arduousness of their art, been allowed considerable latitude in that respect; and he did not even misrepresent his opponents with any spirit, or as if he enjoyed making jokes. There are, it is true, not many things left for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to say as if he believed them; but words which are known not to deceive the man who utters them ought at least to have the appearance of amusing him. The worst of it was, too, that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's speech was even more ineffective to its readers of the next morning than it could have been to his hearers of the moment. For, instigated thereto by a letter from Mr. GLADSTONE, he was unwise enough to devote an appreciable proportion of the speech to an attack on the naval policy of the Government; while at Sheffield, about the same hour, Mr. GOSCHEN was giving an account of the Opposition dealings with that question which was as damaging to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his leader as it is, in fact, undeniably and notoriously true. A more prudent controversialist than the member for Derby would have let Mr. GLADSTONE's ridiculously indiscreet letter to "Dear Mr. SYMONDS" religiously alone, or have confined himself to comment on its comparison

between the "paper Unionists" and the "heart Unionists"—what a happy gift have the Gladstonians in the invention of compact and convenient, and not at all barbarously compounded, names!—in respect of their attitude towards Ireland. No one with a proper sense of what had better be left unsaid would have taken his cue from Mr. GLADSTONE on the question of naval policy, and have made a text out of the charge against the Government of having played into the hands of the alarmists, and stimulated the augmentation of armaments abroad by proposing to add what is variously called ten or twenty millions to the charge of the navy for the next five years. And most certainly no one who chose his ground with caution would have enlarged upon this text by describing the Government as "rushing into a panic" of expenditure, into which they were driven by the "hullabaloo of the services and by leading articles in sensational newspapers."

Because, if that were the case, it was the duty of Mr. GLADSTONE & Co. to offer a firm opposition to the plan of the Government from the very first; whereas their conduct, as Mr. GOSCHEN has reminded the public, has been so significantly, not to say so ignobly, different from this that it is on their parts foolish in the last degree to assist in drawing general attention to it. The Opposition leaders, as the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER points out, were placed by the action of the Government in a most embarrassing position, from which they have had to make a most humiliating exit. They rightly imagined that the country was in favour of the Bill, but they knew, and it was probably conveyed to them in a distinct form, that a great section of their party was opposed to the measure. In these circumstances, what could they do but "noble"—as long, at least, as they were allowed to noble? Mr. GLADSTONE, who now so valorously denounces Ministers for having "played into the hands of the alarmists," sat as meek as a mouse all through all the earlier stages of the Bill, and Mr. GOSCHEN's pictures of Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN on the fence and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT "shutting down the lid on his boiling and bubbling" feelings are not by any means fancy sketches. They quite truthfully represent the attitude which these people assumed at the outset of the discussion, and which we have very little doubt that they would, if they could, have maintained to the end. But before the end came they got their orders from below the gangway. Mr. LABOUCHERE delicately made it known to them that it would give his two Whips, Mr. JACOBY and Mr. PHILIP STANHOPE, much pleasure to "tell" them in a division against the third reading of the Naval Defence Bill. And since, as Mr. GOSCHEN opportunely points out, Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. PARNELL together lead more than a clear half of the whole Opposition forces, an invitation to the above effect from the member for Northampton has something of the commanding effect of a similar compliment from Royalty. It led, at any rate, to the contemptible spectacle presented on the third-reading division by the occupants of the Front Opposition Bench—a spectacle which Mr. GOSCHEN may very naturally desire to keep fresh in the minds of the public, though it scarcely seems so natural to find Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT "with him" in the attempt to do so.

#### DISHORNING CATTLE.

THE judgment of the Queen's Bench Division in *Ford v. WILEY* that dishorning cattle is cruel, and contrary to law, resulted inevitably from the arguments and from the common sense of the case. So strong, indeed, was the evidence against the practice that the conduct of the magistrates in refusing to convict seems strange, and the judicial decisions on which they may perhaps have relied still stranger. The Act of 1849, under which proceedings were taken, says that "any person who shall cause any animal to be cruelly abused, ill-used, or tortured, shall be guilty of the offence of cruelty." Acts of Parliament cannot always be drafted according to logical rules, and statutory definitions sometimes contain the name of the thing to be defined. The words quoted obviously leave, and were no doubt intended to leave, room for the exercise of a wide discretion. That some painful operations upon animals are lawful is notorious; and, if they were not, some animals could not be employed for the service of man at all. Vivisection, which has been discussed in the House of Commons during the present week, is a misleading term,

and covers many scientific experiments which do not bear the remotest resemblance to cutting up animals alive. It is mere ignorant fanaticism to tax with wanton barbarity students who have discovered the origin and diminished the danger of epilepsy and puerperal fever. But no legitimate purpose is served by sawing off the horns of cattle close to the skull. The most which can be said in favour of the custom is that it enables more beasts to be packed in a yard or a railway-truck, that it sometimes prevents them from fighting, and that it adds thirty or forty shillings to their price. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, in a single sentence, clearly and reasonably states the line which ought to be drawn between what is and what is not against the law. "That," he says, "without which the animals cannot obtain their due degree of development, nor be fitted for ordinary use, may fairly come within the term 'necessary,' and if it is something to be done to the animal, it may be properly done." The Court of Session in Scotland, and the High Court of Justice in Ireland, have ruled that dishorning is not legal cruelty. The Scotch judges seem to have thought that it was commercially requisite, and the Irish judges that it did not hurt. Mr. CLARE SEWELL READ, who is not an Irishman, but who gave evidence for the defendant before the Norwich magistrates, delivered himself of the following remarkable dictum with reference to the operation of dishorning:—"It is cruel at first, but it is kind afterwards, as the buyers pay more for the beasts." Mr. READ, we are sure, would not justify outrage in any shape or form. But we should like to know how he would answer an Irish peasant who excused the houghing of cattle in the real or supposed interests of his class. Mr. READ had better have given his opinion without adding his reasons.

Dishorning is a painful and, for those who have read the evidence in *Ford v. WILEY*, a disgusting subject. But the gravity of the circumstances has been agreeably relieved by a correspondent of a daily paper, who reveals to the world a horrible tale of tyrannous oppression wrought upon the stags in Windsor Forest. These animals have their horns cut, and the correspondent in question hopes that, as bullocks have been protected by the judges, the sad case of the poor stags may be considered. His fears were promptly relieved by a veterinary surgeon, who explained for his benefit the elementary fact that stags' horns are osseous excrescences, unconnected with the nervous system, and quite insensible to pain. In fact, it is no more cruel to cut a stag's horns than to cut a child's hair. Nobody is bound to know anything except, by a legal fiction, the law. But, perhaps, it may not be regarded as overstrained pedantry if we suggest that people need not gratuitously advertise their ignorance in newspapers. It is so easy not to write a tragedy in five acts, or a letter to the editor, which is sure to escape the wastepaper basket if only it be silly enough. As for the cattle, we may hope that the strong and unanswerable judgments of Lord COLERIDGE and Mr. Justice HAWKINS, which arrive by somewhat different routes at the same end, will adequately protect them for the future. There is an exclusively human side to the question; as Mr. Justice HAWKINS pointed out, "Constant familiarity with unnecessary torture and abuse of dumb animals cannot fail by degrees to brutalize and harden all who are concerned in, or witness, the sufferings inflicted." Mr. CLARE READ is a gentleman of high character, and yet he can apologize with easy flippancy for torture which lasts for weeks, and of which it is appalling to think. Happily the practice had been long discontinued throughout England before it was recently revived in Norfolk. It was condemned by the Royal Highland Society fifteen years ago, and thirty years are said to have elapsed since an instance occurred in any other English county. In Scotland the object appears to have been fraudulent—that is to say, a desire to conceal the age of the animals. If this be true, it throws a curious light upon the opinion of the Lords of Session. That cruelty should be excused by dishonesty is something new in the annals of the "unco' guid." Cattle may be prevented from goring each other, which seems to be the only legitimate object suggested, by "tipping" or "knobbing" their horns, so as to blunt them and make them harmless. The Norfolk magistrates will now be expected to visit with exemplary severity any attempt to repeat this abominable practice in defiance of the law.



## A NEW FRIEND UNDER AN OLD FACE.

THERE is generally some object in anything that Mr. PARNELL does, and even an outburst of apparently quite uncalculated petulance may have a meaning and a design of its own. We shall, therefore, do well perhaps to assume that he did not simply lose his temper in his reply to the congratulatory deputations despatched to him the other day by certain Irish municipalities, but that there was a method in the strange vehemence of the speech in which he acknowledged the compliment. It is certainly quite out of keeping with the character in which he has recently posed before the Gladstonian public; and it must, indeed, be somewhat of a shock to more than one of the "sexed" persons in petticoats who have been fighting at the Grosvenor Gallery for the privilege of squeezing—or even, in some cases it has been asserted, mumbling—their new heroes. There is nothing whatever in it about the union of hearts. It is as absolutely free from any such reference as the Articles of War are from the most distant allusion to a bread-bag. On the other hand, there is a great deal of absolutely groundless complaint about matters which his admirers imagined him to regard with lofty indifference; there is a very perceptible distrust and jealousy of English feeling towards him; a quite visible contempt for persons, authorities, and institutions which Englishmen, without distinction of parties, hold in respect; and, generally speaking, strong evidence of a desire to let the English people at large understand that, whatever flummery may be talked by either party on the platforms, his view of them and of their disposition towards him is very much the same as it has always been throughout his political career.

It is unnecessary to do more than merely note the more significant of his utterances—his declaration that "we did" not, we never have admitted by word or act of ours that "the Commission is a fair tribunal, or one of a character" and constitution competent to inquire into the issues laid "before it"; his talk about the "dice being loaded" against himself and his colleagues in the Commission Court, and the "trump cards being up their [whose?] sleeves"; and his complaint that "right has been transgressed in" these proceedings, and that, under pretext of inquiring "into crime, a political issue has been laid before men for" decision who are not competent to give it a fair decision. We need not, of course, point out how widely at variance all this is with the language which Mr. PARNELL finds it necessary nowadays to use at Gladstonian tea-parties. There it would not do—at least, it will not yet do, though we are, doubtless, soon coming to it—to impute to English judges that they are incapable of holding the balance even between two political parties, and are lending themselves, wittingly or unwittingly, to a wicked conspiracy on the part of one of those parties to effect by dishonest means the political ruin of the other. Even the female Gladstonian mind is not yet quite prepared for the absorption and assimilation of that sort of stuff; and, as Mr. PARNELL cannot talk it in the new political "society" in which he now moves, one is inclined to wonder why he should so suddenly have reverted to it on the occasion to which we have been referring. Is it merely the inevitable reaction of the liberated mind, the springing back of the bow at last unstrung, the welcomed "return to nature" after too long submission to irksome conventionalities? Or is it that Mr. PARNELL is becoming really afraid of the effect which all the besilverings he is at present undergoing from the Gladstonians may produce on the minds of his Irish followers, and that he thinks it timely to remind them that, if he has had to play the comedy of "heart-union" with rather tiresome iteration lately to certain silly or hypocritical English audiences, the comedian under the mask is their old friend of the No Rent Manifesto and the Cincinnati speech. It may be so; we offer no positive opinion one way or the other. We have only to note this singular change in the style of his utterances when he has to address an Irish audience—which, it must be remembered, he has never done since his Gladstonian Apotheosis—in place of an English one; and to observe that, if English Parnellites were not fatuously unteachable by the plainest indications of fact, they would have again recognized those "two voices" which in their unregenerate days they used to notice and denounce.

## THIRTY YEARS OF BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

IT would be too much to hope that the class of busybodies who darken counsel by silly interpellations whenever an Indian topic comes under discussion will appreciate an opportunity, however easy, of mastering, at any rate, the rudiments of the subject. Otherwise the Memorandum on Indian Administration since the Mutiny, which the Secretary of State has just presented to Parliament, affords the means to any one, who can spare a few hours to serious study, of forming a correct idea of what that administration really means, of its vast importance to a large section of the human race, of the magnificent projects which it successfully undertakes, and the complex and difficult problems with which it is continually confronted. Such bird's-eye views of great subjects are absolutely indispensable to any sound understanding of them, any correct view of their general outline, and of the general tendency of the innumerable facts and incidents of which they consist. The Indian Government has at all times been keenly alive to this necessity. A Memorandum, corresponding in scope and form to the present one, was issued by the East India Company for the thirty years ending with 1857; and Lord Cross has, no doubt, exercised a wise discretion in considering that the time has now arrived for reviewing and summarizing the work of the ruling Power in India since the close of the Mutiny and the transfer to the Crown of the direct government of the country formed the commencement of a new administrative epoch. The document is too concise and closely packed to be easy or altogether agreeable reading; but it presents the whole subject and its large variety of details in the dry light of accurate official information, carefully safeguarded against inaccuracy, and seriously considered by men who are responsible for the soundness of their inferences, who are accustomed to be believed, and desirous of being trusted.

With the exception of the Afghan war of 1878-80, the third Burmese war in 1885-6, and several small punitive expeditions on the North-West or North-East frontiers, the period has been one of peace. The annexation of Upper Burmah has been the only important accession of territory, and it is satisfactory to know that during the thirty years not a single Indian native State has lapsed to the paramount power; while, on the other hand, the important province of Mysore, which the British had held for fifty years, has, with punctilious generosity, been restored to a Prince of the old ruling family. But if the epoch of conquest had closed, the process of administrative development has gone on at an altogether unexampled rate. The organization of the supreme Government and provincial Governments has been adapted to the more effectual despatch of business, each Member of Council becoming responsible for a separate portfolio; while a series of measures of decentralization has relieved the Viceroy and his Council of a burden of responsibility which was year by year becoming more intolerable, and entrusted each of the local Governments with the exclusive control of all local finance. This reform, due mainly to the financial sagacity of Sir John Strachey, has proved so successful that, with the exception of certain great departments which are essentially Imperial, such as the army, the public debt, the Post Office, the national debt, and the English expenditure, the local Governments have been entrusted with the control of all the main branches, both of revenue and expenditure, the supreme Government retaining the control of 22 millions of revenue and 44 millions of expenditure; while the provincial Governments have the management of 42 millions of revenue and 20 millions of expenditure. All parties agree that it is to these skilful and sagacious arrangements that the present admirable position and encouraging prospects of Indian finance are in no small degree to be attributed.

Nor is it in its structure alone that the administrative machinery has been improved. A great advance has been effected in the freer admission of natives to a share in the government of the country. Four or five native gentlemen now sit in each of the five Legislative Councils of the Empire. In each of the High Courts or other principal tribunals there is at least one native judge. Fifty-nine natives have succeeded in winning their way, in open competition, to the privileged ranks of the Covenanted Service; and in the subordinate Civil Service, out of 2,588 judges and magistrates, no less than 2,553 were, in 1887, natives of India, and only 35 were Europeans. Since 1879 no person, who is not a native of India or a member of the Covenanted Civil Service or Staff Corps, can be appointed to any post in India carrying a salary of Rs. 200 per month without the special sanction of the Secretary of State or the Government of India. Nine-tenths of the original civil suits and more than three-quarters of the magisterial work of the country are at present disposed of by native officials. It is a sign of a wholesome condition of society that among these tribunals are the Courts of two thousand honorary magistrates, native gentlemen of good social position, of whose gratuitous assistance in the disposal of petty magisterial work the Government gladly avails itself, and whose decisions give general satisfaction to their countrymen. It is satisfactory to know that this greater freedom of admission to public employ has involved no sort of deterioration in the quality of the Service, the standard of which, both for purity and efficiency, is admitted on all hands to have risen greatly under improved supervision and organization. The salaries of native officials have everywhere been raised, and with the increase of salary has come a higher standard of official probity.

Equally signal has been the advance effected in legislation. Thirty years ago the law of India was a chaos, which struck despair into the hearts alike of Courts, officials, and students. It consisted partly of a heterogeneous mass of old regulations, partly of crude importations of English statutes, partly of native custom, partly of executive orders, which, under particular conditions, had acquired the force of legislative enactment. The genius of Macaulay, and the labours of various distinguished lawyers who succeeded him in the post of Legal Member of Council, have given India a statutory law which, for precision, lucidity, and comprehensiveness, satisfies the very highest standard of excellence. "The Indian Codes," wrote as high an authority as the late Sir Henry Maine—himself one of the chief contributors to this grand result—"stand against all competition. . . . British India has become one of the few countries in which a man of moderate intelligence, who can read, may learn on any point emerging in practical life what is the law which should regulate his conduct." To have effected this for 300 millions of people, living under a vast and vague system of religious and customary law—the legacy of a thousand years of conquest and anarchy—is an achievement of which the Government of India, and, indeed, Englishmen in general, may justly be proud. No one result of British rule has, it is certain, contributed more largely to the well-being of society, the consciousness of personal right, and the general sense of security which now prevails in every part of the Empire.

It is, however, by the development of the great engineering projects, summarized under the title of "Public Works," that the last thirty years must be especially memorable in the annals of Indian administration. In 1857 there but 300 miles of railway open in India; on these were conveyed some two millions of passengers and a quarter of a million tons of goods. In 1887 there were 14,000 miles of open railway, which carried during the year 95½ millions of passengers and 25 millions of tons of goods. In addition to this, 2,500 miles of railway were under construction. The rates are a farthing a mile for passengers, a halfpenny per ton per mile for goods. In this magnificent undertaking a capital expenditure of 183 millions had up to the close of 1887 been incurred, and a net profit of 5½ per cent. on this sum was earned during the year. Owing to the circumstance that half the earnings of the guaranteed lines, in excess of 5 per cent., go to the shareholders, and that the interest is earned in silver and paid in gold, this excellent profit did not reach the coffers of the Indian Government. The fact, however, that it was earned is good proof of the substantial soundness of the undertaking, and the gain to the community is so enormous that the loss incurred by the State becomes a matter of small consideration. In the first place, railways render India strategically defensible, and would enable the Government in a few days to concentrate upon Quetta or Candahar a force which would effectually counterbalance any action of Russia on the Afghan frontier. On no point is there more general agreement among soldiers than that the military position, so long as the railway system remained incomplete, was one of the gravest danger, and that the Indian Government was unprepared to meet an antagonist advancing from the West. Reasonable precautions have now been taken. In the next place railways, and railways alone, bring it within the power of the State to deal efficiently with famine. They prevent the occurrence of small local scarcities by facilitating the flow of the grain reserve in any direction in which prices have begun to rise, and in the case of a great famine, such as that of 1877, will render it possible to utilize the whole resources of the country for the relief of famine-stricken regions at prices which fall far short of famine rates. Even in 1877 the railways were at one time bringing daily into the distressed area an amount of food equivalent to the daily sustenance of seven millions of people. At present it would be easy to import a far larger supply, and to carry it far nearer to the people's homes. Of the results to the population at large, it is enough to say that in 1887 the gross earnings of the railways were 18½ millions, of which at least one-third found its way, as wages, into the pockets of employés, and that the direct gain to the producers, traders, and passengers of India is estimated by the Government at 60 millions for the year. The foreign trade of India, import and export, has risen from 40 millions in 1858 to 155 millions in 1887, and the growing wealth of the community is attested by the fact that, whereas the annual net absorption of the precious metals for the twenty-two years previous to the Mutiny averaged only 3¼ millions, the net absorption during the past thirty years has amounted to 342½ millions, or an average of 11½ millions per annum.

On the other great branch of the Public Works, the canals, a capital sum of 25 millions has been expended, on which the net earnings in 1887 were 3½ per cent. Eleven millions of acres in that year received canal irrigation, with the result of an addition of 14½ millions to the value of the crops. In any year of drought the irrigated area would probably be increased by a third, and the crop value doubled or trebled. The canals, though less directly remunerative to the State than the railways, have added enormously to the value of the soil, and in conjunction with the railways may be said to have rendered famine, in the strict sense of the word, impossible. These are solid practical achievements which admit of no dispute.

When we approach the general condition of the population we enter an area of more indistinctness and greater conflict of evidence. The Memorandum gives a most interesting sketch

of the results of an inquiry ordered last year by the Viceroy into the condition of the lower classes of the population in each province. The result, so far as it goes, is reassuring. With the exception of the Behar peasantry, where a dense population and an insufficiently protected tenant-right contributed in past times to general indigence and degradation, there is no portion of India in which the state of the agricultural population, as a whole, need be a source of anxiety. In Behar there is a low level of life, bordering dangerously close on destitution. Emigration appears to be the only feasible remedy; but for emigration the Indian ryot entertains a very pronounced aversion. Still there are many districts with an agricultural population of more than 500 to the square mile, and it is certain that resort must, sooner or later, be had to emigration. It is satisfactory to know that there are still enormous unutilized areas in India awaiting cultivation, which, when canals have been introduced, are capable of affording a refuge to the ever-increasing surplus population. Relief will also be afforded from another quarter—namely, manufactures, which year by year are assuming greater proportions, and more established footing, in the economy of Indian life. The struggle for existence is undoubtedly to the mass of the human race a hard one, involving much toil, anxiety, and occasional privation. In India the standard of comfort is low, but the climate renders it less unendurable than it would be in Europe, and the Indian peasant, trained in habits of endurance, bears his grievances with admirable resignation, and finds a simple routine of existence not altogether without its joys. There is good ground for believing that at no period of Indian history have the rulers of the country striven with more energy and success to alleviate the sufferings and add something to the well-being of the population. The Government of India now, as did the East India Company thirty years ago, may congratulate itself on the purity of its intentions and the beneficence of its acts. No one, we believe, who peruses the present Memorandum with diligence and candour will be inclined to dispute the modest claim with which it concludes:—"that, despite mistakes and shortcomings, such as are inseparable from human effort, the administration of India by the Crown has been an earnest and fairly successful attempt to solve political, social, and material problems of much difficulty and complexity."

#### QUITE A DIFFERENT THING.

THERE are some points in connexion with the meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation on Wednesday night on which a person who belongs to the party to which we belong (we do not refer to any political persuasion) is precluded from commenting. If we had a leader like one, who in his newspaper speaks of the Princess Beatrice (with an insolence which would be nearly without parallel if the accompanying ignorance were not equal, and more also) as having contracted a "morganatic marriage," the case might be different. The country cousins who take the newspaper referred to as a guide infallible in matters of etiquette may doubtless not perceive the abysmal depths of blunder which underlie this statement, though they might certainly perceive its gross impertinence. But similar impertinence is not permitted among instructed persons, even if they happened to be equally ignorant. And so we shall not suppose that "Mrs. Eva McLaren," though the designation is unusual, is the morganatic spouse of Mr. Eva McLaren. The part played by Mrs. Eva McLaren and the rest of her doubtless amiable but misguided companions shall rest under sacred silence; the speeches of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone to the society which is not as the Primrose League, but oh! so, so different, will supply us with plenty of matter for a short prælection.

Mr. Parnell "entered the room amid a loud burst of cheering." How you can enter a room "amid" a loud burst of cheering we do not quite see, unless the thing has been very well worked beforehand. But perhaps it was. Then he said (of course) that it was quite unexpected. It always is; and Mr. Parnell, who is quite famous for miscellaneous speaking, is just the man who would speak without any expectation whatever. But Mr. Parnell supplied an explanation of the fact that he has been *parvus et infrequens* in the discharge of this important function. He can only, it seems, speak to "a sympathetic audience." Now, certainly some of the utterances attributed to Mr. Parnell would be much better withheld from an unsympathetic audience; but we should hardly have expected Mr. Parnell to refer to the fact. Then Mr. Parnell proceeded to explain how it was that "your great man, Mr. Gladstone" (who, by the way, put Mr. Parnell into prison), changed all that. But the cream of the speech came later. Mr. Parnell (cheers) asserted that, whatever wicked men might say, the present Home Rule movement "has no ulterior object, except to benefit our own country, and to build up Ireland as a nation, not hostile to your nation, but as a sister nation." Mr. Parnell may share the opinion (for which we are not responsible) of a cynical apostle as to the silliness of women. Would he have dared to address to an audience of men that remarkable confession that the Irish are fighting for their own hand only, and a still more remarkable use, continued throughout the speech, of *your*? "English nation," says Mr. Parnell, like Man Friday (only on Wednesday), "not my nation." That, we think, is exactly what the wicked Unionists have been saying for some time that Mr. Parnell says.



That Mr. T. D. Sullivan thanked "the Author of all Good, and next to him William Ewart Gladstone" ("such names mingled," as Mr. Lord Byron, who was a friend of Ireland, has it) is a matter of no consequence. The Women's Liberal Federation (wicked wits have apparently persuaded them no longer to call themselves "Liberal Women") could not, it seems, obtain the countenance of one of the persons whose name Mr. Sullivan invoked, so they contented themselves with the other. He "warmly shook hands with Mr. Parnell"—a classic scene at which, let us hope, the ghost of Lord Frederick hovered around. Then there was a bracelet, of which we say nothing, and then there was Mr. Gladstone (in the unavoidable absence of the other object of Mr. Sullivan's thanks) to speak about the bracelet. Could any man living but Mr. Gladstone—could any man that ever lived save himself, and those two *alter egos* who are likely long to outlive him, Mr. Pecksniff and Mr. Chadband—have said that "He had a shadow of regret at finding his unworthy self introduced into the workmanship of that beautiful bracelet"? Ah, what a great man Mr. Dickens was! He was not, we believe, extremely intimate with Mr. Gladstone in early days; he conceived the first of these masterpieces when Mr. Gladstone had done little or nothing, and even the last before Mr. Gladstone's resignations began to encumber Lord Palmerston's drawers. Yet not Pecksniff nor Chadband in all of each his glory could excel Mr. Gladstone here. Mr. Gladstone, it is pleasing, though a little surprising, to find, likes "the free critical expression of opinion better than all the voice of praise." Perhaps something was felt to be due to the martyr O'Brien, who has just been confessing to some very free criticism of Mr. Gladstone indeed. But, since it is so, we shall only ask him as a free critical expression of opinion what he thinks Mr. Pecksniff's idea of a speech to be made on a beautiful bracelet, which included his own unworthy self, would have been? And, secondly, we shall request Mr. Gladstone to tell his friends in the name of the Terewth what it would be well to say of a band, My friends, to be set on the arm, My friends, and composed, yea, of diamonds, and of the shamrock and of the metal called gold. Can it be that Mr. Chadband would have said something not very different from Mr. Gladstone? Would Mr. Pecksniff's idea of a speech have had points of resemblance to that of the member for Midlothian? Who shall say? Let us only thank, as Mr. Sullivan has it, the Author of all Good and Mr. Dickens that we have had three such public characters among us as these.

## THE PROFESSION OF MEDICINE.

### II.

#### LONDON GENERAL PRACTICE.

THE qualified medical man has passed some years as an assistant, or he has been engaged in seeing the world in the army, navy, or merchant medical services, or he has been "hanging on" at his hospital, and finds that his finances will not bear the strain. Or, and most frequent cause of all, he is wishing to marry. One or other of these circumstances induces him to seek to go into practice as a general practitioner. Town practices are selected by most men who are not physically strong; to those with good constitutions and who are used to a country life, an "unopposed" practice in the utter country has its charms. The modes of going into general practice are by purchase of a practice, or death vacancy, out and out; by purchase of an equal or junior partnership; by setting up one's plate. Probably the last is the least usual, and also the most expensive; as a rule, a medical man has to support himself for at least five years before he can obtain an income of 200*l.* a year, even if he be specially fortunate. As a country practice can usually be bought for from a year to a year and a half's purchase, or a town practice in London or some large provincial city for from one and a half to two and a half years' purchase, buying is, from a pecuniary point of view, the more satisfactory. While many practices are succeeded to by sons, sons-in-law, or other relatives of the incumbents, a large number are gradually transferred by the introduction of junior partners and the retirement of the seniors. It is an interesting fact that eight whole columns of the *Lancet* are often occupied by advertisements of practices for disposal, and that one medical agent alone fills two columns of that paper each week with a description of practices for sale. As a rule, the purchase of a death vacancy is a pure speculation. It has its advantages. It is comparatively cheap. It is, as a rule, *bona fide*. There are the books, which show the position of the late incumbent. As the agent says, "You buy the right to knock at the patients' doors once; whether you knock again depends on yourself." As a rule, a death vacancy, if of good class, commands a price of from one to two years' purchase. A lucky man may at once step into 1,000*l.* a year for which he merely pays 1,000*l.*, and such cases are seen; where one man succeeds a practitioner who was just such another as himself, their modes of procedure are similar, their age is the same, their status is alike—in these cases often not a patient is lost. The successor takes up the oars where his predecessor laid them down, and all is plain sailing. But at times the unfortunate buyer fails to "hold" a single patient.

A junior partnership is, as a rule, a safe investment. The share of income is fixed, and the partners work with a will, play into each other's hands, and sing each other's praises. Or perhaps one is a jealous man; he, consequently, does most of the work by

choice. It is in a partnership that the young practitioner learns all the wiles of the experienced man, and the well-worn aphorisms that convert the mere inquirer into the patient. "Illness is *always* serious" is one of the stock phrases of the business-like doctor. "Persevere with the medicine" is a stock remark worth several hundred a year to some men we know. The "professional air" which is now acquired requires a genius to originate, but it is easy enough to affect it. The Abel Druggers are dying the death. The public nowadays objects to being made ill; and, as a rule, in the better class of practices, medicines are either supplied free of charge, or prescriptions are written; but generally the people in the middle ranks of life who employ the general practitioner, object to have to go to a chemist for medicines, consequently the drugs are dispensed by the doctor. We fear that many of the most successful of general practitioners owe their position simply to their proficiency in the art of pleasing. "I never contradict a patient," one of the most astute of our friends used to remark. Curious are the experiences on this head; we will give a case in point. Mrs. A. came regularly to the surgery of a professional friend; her disorder was chronic. In sober truth, she simply fancied that her skin was too tight for her. For months the bi-weekly consultations continued. The practitioner was aware that the lady was a *malade imaginaire*, and he rang the changes on tonics and placebos. They did no harm; he argued they might do good by their effect on the mind. At length our friend's conscience began to prick him. He hemmed, he hawed; at last he told Mrs. A. in polite language that she had nothing the matter with her. Mrs. A. rose indignant. "And have you been physicking me all this time, if nothing was the matter?" Mrs. A. left in a rage, and walking straight to another practitioner in the neighbourhood, she explained to him that our friend "did not understand her constitution," in fine, that he had committed the crowning sin of telling her that she had no disorder. The rival practitioner was a wise man. He sympathized, he prescribed, he is possibly prescribing still, and still probably the unfortunate lady suffers from the skin, which is too tight. This is no *histoire pour rire*; it is a solemn fact. One of the most tradesmanlike practitioners we know, in defending what we fear can only be called charlatanism, remarks, "They like it, sir. They will have it." This practitioner *always* uses the stethoscope, and takes the patient's pulse with a sphygmograph; he has the reputation among his numerous patients of being a very scientific man; he has a large and wealthy connexion in a fashionable suburb. Really his ignorance is crass. Many general practitioners seek to dazzle their patients by a dashing turn-out, an affectation of hurry and bustle. One eminent accoucheur is said to have actually driven himself into practice. He was known to his *confrères* as "Jehu." He affected a yellow brougham and a pair of carriage dogs; he drove with jobbed horses at a rate of about fourteen miles an hour; he soon became talked of, and died a rich man. The clever practitioner never "lingers"; he makes himself desired, and lets the patient conclude that his moments are precious. As a rule, in general practice the patient is never told he has nothing the matter with him. "He must be ill or he wouldn't come to me" is the natural sophistry of the general practitioner. He is probably right; for there is something consoling to the generality of people in the mere seeing a doctor. As a rule, the general practitioner, if an honest man, succeeds in obtaining his patient's confidence.

The emoluments of the general practitioner of good class range in London from six hundred to three thousand a year. The latter sum is seldom reached by any medico practising alone, though it is exceeded by a few medical firms. Generally from this gross calculation one-third must be deducted for cost of conveyance and other things, exclusive of living. The charges of the general practitioner, as a rule, are regulated by the presumed position of his patient—two or three visits for the guinea in the highest ranks, or five or seven shillings a visit, including medicines, in good suburban neighbourhoods. In some quarters patients are seen at their own houses for two shillings, paid in cash at the time, and are also supplied with medicines. Tradespeople of the struggling class are seen at a similar rate. As the general practitioner never, as a rule, refuses his services, he naturally makes many bad debts. Of course there does exist a class of people who never pay him. These persons could well afford to belong to a club or provident dispensary; they prefer, however, to cheat the doctor.

Clubs, as a rule, are only retained by medical men as legitimate advertisements; they pay from three to six shillings (generally four) to the doctor for advice and medicines per head *per annum*. They enable the struggling beginner to have some doors to knock at, and they provide the medical enthusiast with congenial work, besides acting as a sort of feeder to his practice. In large practices the club work generally falls to the share of the qualified assistants.

The general practitioner in large towns, as a rule, calls in the pure surgeon when any severe operation is undertaken. This custom is an advantage to both doctor and patient, as the latter thus has the advantage of the highest professional skill. Etiquette is very strictly observed among medical men. The "cutthroat" and the "poacher" are soon found out. The first is he who sticks at nothing to obtain patients by hook or by crook, even by vilifying his fellows or underbidding them. The "poacher" is the man who, when called upon to act as temporary substitute for another practitioner,

attempts, often successfully, "to bag" the patient. There is another form of "poacher" much more dreaded in the profession, and he is "the general practitioner in disguise"; nominally consultants, these men will prescribe for anything. As pure surgeons they will prescribe for a cold in the head. As pure physicians they will treat "as a friend" (*but taking their fee*) a sprained ankle. The late Sir William Lawrence, sergeant-surgeon to Her Majesty, is said to have defined a *surgical* case as "A person seeking my advice, who is willing to pay a guinea for it." There is yet another much dreaded form of medical poacher in the "prowling consultant," the man who, when innocently called in for consultation, takes the opportunity of recommending some very clever man (of course a friend of his own) in the immediate neighbourhood. These men are happily rare, but they exist. Yet another enemy remains—this is the profligate artisan. This man will not pay a doctor, nor will he belong to a sick club. He generally makes his appearances at night. He avoids the parish doctor. He knocks at the door in a determined but hurried manner. He says the case is very urgent. Of course the tired practitioner goes to it at once. He finds some difficulty in getting rid of his patient, and he has incurred responsibility; often nothing whatever is the matter. As a rule, the busy general practitioner sees patients at home from nine to eleven, he visits from eleven to six, from seven to ten he again sees patients at his house. And all night long he is ready to spring up at a moment's notice, and leave his hard-earned rest at the first sound of the night bell.

#### CORACLE FISHING.

EVERY schoolboy knows, or, at any rate, has been told, that the coracle is the ancient British boat; but how many people have seen a coracle or know the method of its navigation? The case for the antiquity of coracles is a pretty strong one, for there is evidence of their use by the British in the time of the Romans; but such has been the uprooting of cherished beliefs in recent times that few people probably would be surprised to hear that coracles had never been heard of before the middle of the last century, and that the first had been used, not by Noah, as the prevalent belief in Wales is, but by one David Jones (of locker celebrity), of Llangollen. There is much in the coracle, however, which favours the idea that it is a primitive boat. That a large wicker basket covered with skins would float is an idea which might occur to man at an early stage of civilization; that it might be made big enough to hold a man, or even two, and that it would be convenient for crossing rivers, and even for floating down them, while its lightness would make it easily carried up them, would be merely a development of the first idea. We therefore (we hope not rashly) believe in the Welsh legend of the antiquity of the coracle, not going further back, however, at present, than Roman times. But the present coracle is, as might be expected, a development, but by no means a very advanced one; the wicker has given place to ash laths and the skins to tarpaulin. Coracles vary in shape slightly, and also in size. There are single and double ones—i.e. to hold one person or two. The largest size of double coracle weighs about 60 lbs.; the smallest single one, perhaps, 30 lbs. The nearest thing to it in shape that we can think of is one of those large walnut shells into which Limerick gloves used to be stowed, and which in bygone ages were considered suitable presents for ladies. There is a considerable bilge, the bottom of the coracle being much wider than the top; the largest and heaviest draw only two or three inches of water; a narrow plank is fixed across the centre for a seat. The extreme crankness of the craft may be inferred from the method of getting into it; you put one leg in, sitting down with the same action, and then draw the other in carefully after. To people of some temperaments it is somewhat exciting to know that there is only a piece of tarred canvas between them and a raging flood, and that there are rocks and fallen trees under the discoloured water; but a good coracle-man manages his boat very skilfully with his single paddle held in one hand, and just as you are in the middle of the turmoil of a fearful rapid, with rocks ahead and on each side, on which shipwreck seems inevitable, a dexterous sweep of the paddle takes you between the breakers, and, before you can wink comfortably, you find yourself in the pool below, gliding along in perfect serenity. Coracles are used in many Welsh streams and on the Severn; but, we believe, little elsewhere in England. The most systematic use of them, and the longest voyages made, are on the Dee, in the Vale of Llangollen, the "wizard stream" of Milton; the "holy Dee," "the dear brother of Severn," of Drayton; the "sacred Dee" of Tennyson; and verily the scenes through which the coracle-fisherman on the Dee passes are ever-recurring scenes of enchantment. From no position can river scenery be so well seen as from the middle of the stream; and when one pictures to oneself a voyage of a dozen miles along the windings of a river in such a vale as that of Llangollen, it is easy to conceive that lovely bits of scenery are repeated at every turn. Now the frail craft dashes down a rapid, the waves boiling on either side of it; now it glides on the surface of a long, deep, silent pool, buried in the woods, over the tops of which the purple hills appear. The foliage is rich beyond belief, and in the spring and autumn its varied colours give the most charming effect. "Cool mosses deep" clothe the banks, wild flowers peep forth. Animals are not very shy of the coracle, trout

take the fly close to it, sandpipers flit about with the most transparent pretence of being there only for amusement and of having no nest anywhere in the neighbourhood, water-ouzels show their white throats and little round bodies on the rocks for a moment and are gone, an occasional kingfisher flashes past, his splendid colours glowing in the sunlight, willow-wrens hop jerkily about on the banks, and bright-eyed water-voles eye you curiously before they take their plunge. Accidents rarely happen in a coracle. Where the river is very difficult the man who paddles makes the fisherman get out, and sometimes the ship itself is landed and carried past a dangerous place. Formerly coracles used to be carried for long distances on the men's backs; now the railway has come to the fisherman's assistance, and his boat goes with him to the station nearest to his starting-point, and from thence is carried to the river. If a hole is knocked in the bottom of the boat by a rock or the branch of a sunken tree, the coracle-man paddles to the bank, lifts out his coracle, lights a piece of taper he always carries with him, melts the tar on a patch of tarpaulin he produces from somewhere, and sticks it over the hole, like a large piece of sticking-plaster; in a few minutes it dries, and you are off again.

Lord Tennyson, when in *Enid and Geraint* he speaks of

The South-west that blowing Bala Lake, fills all the sacred Dee,

refers to the curious phenomenon that the Dee rises sometimes without rain; a gale of wind in Bala Lake, out of the east end of which the river flows, will drive such a body of water into it that there is a sensible rise all the way down.

But it is time to say something about the fishing, and sad it is to say that, whatever the beautiful scenes you may feast your eyes on in a coracle voyage, however enjoyable the frequent change from the tearing rapid to the gently moving stream and calm still pool, the trout-fishing on the parts of the Dee where coracles are used is not good, it is not what it was some years ago. When it is considered that the fisherman fishes some dozen miles of river, that he has access to both banks, that he fishes places which can be fished by no one else, and that he takes some five or six hours about it, most people will think that on a good day he ought to fill his basket. It is not so now, and the reason is not far to seek. Since the great encouragement of salmon which has taken place within the last few years, trout are sensibly diminishing in rivers where salmon run. Both salmon and sea-trout when they go down stream in the spring as kelts are voracious, and there is no doubt that they kill numbers of trout; but the Dee holds a much deadlier foe to trout than the salmon. There are pike all along its course now, and they are practically ineradicable. It is said that a Sir Watkin Wynn of olden time put pike into Bala Lake. These fish soon made their appearance on the river. Some years ago it was said that they had not been seen many miles below the outlet of the lake, but now they are below Llangollen at any rate. If relentless war were waged against them, if they were netted and nightlined in season and out of season, and a price put upon their heads, their numbers might be kept down; but it is practically impossible to exterminate them, particularly when a supply can always be maintained from Bala Lake. The numbers of trout might be increased by breeding, and turning large quantities into the river, and it is said that some riparian proprietors are doing this; but it is rather a hopeless and discouraging task to provide trout for the pike to feed on. It is not of very much use either to provide other fish, for the pike prefer trout, and there is no doubt that they kill incredible quantities. If each pike were only to take one trout a day some idea may be formed of the large number that must be destroyed in a year where pike are plentiful. Trout fishing that is worth having will in a few years be a thing of the past upon the Dee if the present state of things goes on. Only one coracle is now maintained at Llangollen. Looking forward to the extinction of trout in one of the best streams possible for their maintenance makes the fisherman feel sad.

#### THE OPENING OF THE OPERA SEASON.

THERE can be no mistaking, though there may be considerable difficulty in explaining, the striking revival of taste for Italian opera, to use the generic term to include opera composed by musicians and sung by vocalists from Italy and many other countries besides. The answer that Italian opera is a pleasing form of entertainment which naturally attracts adherents will not suffice, because for a time it decidedly ceased to attract; nor can its present popularity be attributed to the circumstance that a few enthusiastic amateurs whose social influence is great have devoted themselves to the welfare of Covent Garden. That may account for the taking of certain boxes and stalls, but does not show why the galleries are crowded. The present condition of things is remarkable. Three or four years ago it was thought that the success of a season mainly depended upon the engagement of Mme. Patti. Mme. Patti, however, was not engaged last season, and is not engaged this, in spite of which the present series of representations promises to be more successful than ever. The Patti myth has thus absolutely exploded. It may be that Mme. Albani has a certain following; but her name does not appear in Mr. Augustus Harris's prospectus; and yet the opera



thrives. The loud proclamation of Wagner's disciples that Italian opera was dead may have influenced a few possible subscribers in former seasons, who have since found out that it is not dead at all; but we must confess to being quite unable to account for the fluctuation of public taste, the result of which is to crowd Covent Garden.

The manager did not lead a particularly strong card. Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles* is exceedingly melodious, but it is not a popular work, being very little known, and it comes with no special *cachet*. It may be—but of this we are not sure—that it appeals rather to musicians than to general hearers; at any rate, to be appreciated it must be heard with attention. Obviously on the opening night it delighted a large section of the audience, to whom it was doubtless new; for, except two or three performances to scanty houses at Her Majesty's a few years ago, the opera has not been given in London. The character of Nadir, the Cingalese pearl-fisher who is condemned to death for seeking a midnight interview with the virgin priestess of Brahma, served to introduce M. Talazac, an artist who is probably well known to many readers, though on this occasion he sang for the first time in England. We need scarcely observe, therefore, that the French tenor has a singularly charming voice, and is, moreover, an admirable vocalist; nor need we add that, in some respects, he is not an ideal hero of opera. M. Talazac was scarcely heard at his best, most likely for the reason that he is accustomed to sing in a smaller house, and also to a lower pitch. He was able to show, however, that his artistic value is great. Signor F. D'Andrade was the Zurga, chief of the tribe, who also loves the priestess Leila, and jealously dooms her and his rival to death, till, recognizing her by means of her necklace of pearls as a maiden who had once saved his life, he enables the lovers to escape and is sacrificed in their stead. Except on rare occasions, when he forces his voice, this high baritone is a very acceptable singer, exhibiting an excellent method and considerable dramatic power; his return is very welcome. Miss Ella Russell is also particularly well suited as Leila, a part wherein she finds opportunity for vocal display, of which she takes full advantage. Her high notes are delightfully fresh and sweet. The opening performance demonstrated the welcome fact that the choristers have been carefully and judiciously selected; there are some very good voices among them. Signor Mancinelli's orchestra satisfies all reasonable requirements.

Faust introduced Miss Macintyre as Margherita, M. Montariol as Faust, and M. Winogradoff as Valentino, besides such familiar representations as the Siebel of Mme. Scalchi, the Mefistofele of M. Castelmary, and the Marta of Mlle. Bauermeister—a cast presumably drawn from Scotland, France, Russia, Italy, and Germany; and, indeed, we have some suspicion that the Mefistofele comes from Belgium. However this may be, the result was highly satisfactory. Miss Macintyre was well described last season as a most promising young artist, and the promise is being abundantly fulfilled. She has a fresh and beautiful voice, an admirable style, great earnestness, keen sensibility, and unflinching intelligence. We are persuaded that she feels the characters she undertakes, for otherwise the sympathies of the audience could not be so surely reached. She is not so pensive, so deeply in love with the stranger, when first seen in the garden, as Margheritas usually are; indeed, in the King of Thule's ballad there is a suggestion of a girl with heart untouched—

Singing alone in the morning of life,  
In the happy morning of life and of May—

and her innocent pleasure on finding the jewels and bedecking herself is delightful. The ascending scale is what it should be, a ripple of laughter. In the tragic scenes at the end of the opera Miss Macintyre was successful to this extent, that she awakened cordial admiration. There is a step beyond this, where, lost in the reality of the episode, one ceases to remember that the artist is doing well, and feels only sympathy with the character, totally disregarding of any method by which effects are obtained. To bring that about demands a touch of genius; but Miss Macintyre may approach the ideal. M. Winogradoff seems to have much in common with the lady—natural means, aptitude, and enthusiasm. He was an excellent Valentino, and his career will be watched with interest. M. Montariol pleased us less than the *prima donna* or the baritone. He has some good notes in his voice, and there is no want of power; but his intonation was far from faultless, though this, again, may not improbably be due to the large theatre and the unaccustomed pitch. He must be accorded another hearing before any chronic shortcomings are imputed to him. We have seen his acting praised; but he did not strike us as at all noteworthy in this particular. However, we will not at present attempt to sum up the newcomer. The well-known impersonations of Mmes. Scalchi and Bauermeister and M. Castelmary need no fresh comment. The orchestra did its work extremely well. Obedient to Signor Mancinelli, some fine effects of light and shade were obtained. The 'cello *obbligato* to Siebel's song was unimportant; but Mr. Carrodus made much, as usual, of the *obbligato* to "Salve! dimora." The performance of *Carmen* demands no special comment, but the *Traviata* was made noteworthy by the really admirable singing of Miss Ella Russell. We fear that M. Talazac's means are inadequate for Covent Garden.

#### MACHINE AND QUICK-FIRING GUNS.

SO much has recently been written and said about machine-guns, and the term has been so loosely used even in professional circles to include those strictly belonging to that category and the quick-firing varieties also, that we feel compelled, even at the risk of being considered pedantic, to commence our subject, like a book of Euclid, with a definition.

A quick-firing gun, then, is one which is "fed"—that is to say, supplied with ammunition—by hand, while a machine-gun proper performs that office automatically for itself. It follows as a natural consequence that the weapons of comparatively small bore belong to the latter and the heavier natures to the former variety, although we ought, perhaps, to mention that it is proposed to produce a Maxim gun which is in every respect automatic, capable of firing projectiles hitherto only in use with the quick-firing systems.

As a general rule, however, we do not find machine-guns with a bore larger than one inch, and more commonly their calibre corresponds with that of the soldier's rifle. It may be asked how it is that quick-firing guns, if dependent on human aid for their supply of projectiles, are so far superior, as regards rapidity of fire to ordinary ordnance. And here, therefore, we must likewise explain that their ammunition is what is technically termed "fixed"—that is to say, projectile and charge of powder are both enclosed in a metal cartridge-case, with a percussion-cap at the base, in all respects similar to the cartridge in everyday use for small-arms. The various operations that have to be gone through in loading ordnance—such as sponging, ramming home, &c.—are thus all rendered unnecessary, and a gun as large as a 40-pounder may be loaded in much the same sort of fashion and almost as rapidly as a breechloader at the coverside.

These pieces are moreover usually mounted on stands fitted with a central pivot, on which they can be rapidly revolved in any direction, and, as their recoil is entirely obviated, they can be laid by a single man almost as though they were small-arms. For this purpose they are fitted with a sort of shoulder-piece, and are therefore really very similar in general appearance to a gigantic punt-gun.

When people speak of the immense advantages to be derived from machine-guns for coast defence and suchlike purposes, it is in the majority of cases quick-firing guns they intend to refer to, and it is from this variety that the greatest advance in artillery matters seems likely to come about. Machine-guns of small calibre are, like many other modern so-called discoveries, no new thing. From the commencement of the last century at any rate they have been more or less before the world, and have every now and again flickered up into a sort of brief notoriety. The germ of the idea can be traced even further back, and strange prototypes of existing patterns may be found in many an old arsenal or collection of arms. "Organ-guns" and "rapid-shooters" had their admirers and advocates when the Gardners and Nordenfelts of to-day were as yet all undreamt of, and Marshal Saxe is credited with a leaning towards them and an attempt to introduce an improved weapon of this nature. Such propositions were all very soon abandoned, however, and we can hardly wonder at it when we reflect that such indispensable elements of success as percussion-caps and metal cartridge-cases were not as yet in existence.

During the present century various shooting machines have cropped up from time to time, and each as it has appeared has been heralded with inflated praise and extravagant promises. Thus we have had the Requa batteries of the Americans, the Espingoles of the Danes, and various other patterns all relegated long since to oblivion. Although we believe that there were instances of the use of Gatling-guns during the War of Secession, it may be said that no attempt to introduce machine-guns on a large scale was made until the French authorities took them up just before 1870. The campaign of that year, at any rate, supplies the first instance of their use on what may be called a deliberately organized basis and an extended plan. It was the possession of the mitrailleuse and the brilliant expectations which it aroused that, to a great extent, enabled the French to shut their eyes to their deficiencies and enter on that unfortunate campaign with the confidence they did, and it is to this much-vaunted innovation that much of their want of success on those tragic battlefields is to be attributed. The mitrailleuse may roughly be described as a number of rifle barrels bound together and mounted on wheels. Their range and the diameter of their bore was only the same as that of the chassépot, and, although, therefore, they were capable of discharging a good many bullets in a given time, their inherent lack of power made them incapable of coping with the German artillery, which was able to engage and silence them from distances entirely beyond the reach of their fire.

The French had, indeed, quite failed to appreciate the field of usefulness of their new arm, and had committed the initial blunder of substituting a battery of mitrailleuses for a battery of field-guns with each division of their armies. Their artillery, in any case inferior in matériel to that of the Germans, found themselves therefore more hopelessly overpowered on the field of battle than they might otherwise have been, and in the earlier stages of the fight practically unable to bring even the force they had into action owing to its limited range. These defects of organization and tactical application have, however, since then been recognized and remedied, and, thanks in a great measure to

ourselves, it has been found that, though machine-guns are no substitute for artillery, they have nevertheless a large sphere of action and form a valuable adjunct to the resources of a modern army. In our own numerous little wars, when we have been opposed to troops unprovided with artillery, the value of a rapid and concentrated fire in repelling a determined attack at close quarters, in defending certain restricted spaces, such as bridges or defiles, or for the flanking defence of entrenchments, has been clearly shown. The very nature of the operations in which we have recently been engaged has prevented us from misusing our new ally after the manner of the French, and its merits and advantages have, therefore, had an opportunity of fairly showing themselves. Our authorities have not failed to appreciate their worth within their own sphere of action, and have rightly determined to make use of them as an auxiliary arm without sacrificing any existing units to make place for them. We find, accordingly, that in the new *Manual of Infantry Drill* just issued they figure for the first time as an integral part of the organization of our army. No doubt they will be of valuable assistance to the advanced guard, with which they are intended to be employed, and on other occasions also when special opportunities occur for their coming into action. As regards quick-firing guns, it may be said that their future as an arm seems to be extending, and nothing like a definite limit has as yet been allotted to them. Guns as heavy as 44-pounders have been manufactured on this principle, and some even heavier natures are in contemplation. Should a good smokeless powder make its appearance, as it is confidently expected that it very shortly will, a great impetus would be given to the introduction of these pieces, and it is quite possible that our existing field-guns might be replaced by them. At present they have already a wide sphere of usefulness on board ship, and are invaluable against torpedo-boats to the modern ironclad. The only way to cope with these tiny pests is to bring a rapid and annihilating fire to bear on them as they make their attack. An immense warship armed only with three or four huge guns would be almost ludicrously at the mercy of her wasp-like opponents were it not for the protection her quick-firing armament affords; and it was for this very purpose, indeed, that they were in the first instance called into existence. Moreover, the fire of modern infantry has now become so destructive that, especially in advanced-guard actions, it will be necessary for artillery to produce an effect in a very short time, or they will not be able to live in action under the pitiless hail of bullets to which they will be exposed. A weapon such as a quick-firing gun, capable of firing a great number of rounds with accuracy in a brief space of time, will, therefore, be a most desirable arm for land service in the future; and no doubt, in course of time, the horse artillery, at any rate, will be equipped with such a gun. At present, one of the main difficulties to an introduction of this nature is the absence of a trustworthy smokeless explosive. That, we believe, will come in due course too, and then we may expect better results from the quick-firing systems than have as yet been arrived at. They may therefore be regarded as still to a great extent in embryo, and far-reaching and wide results may be looked for from their ultimate development. Into the vexed question of which is the best of the various systems of either kind before the public we have not ventured to trespass. Comparisons to be worth anything in such cases must be extensive and minute, and such exhaustive analyses are beyond the scope of a short article. We shall not, therefore, enter on this debateable land beyond remarking that at present professional opinion seems to incline towards the invention of Mr. Maxim, which excited so much interest at the Inventions Exhibition of 1885.

#### CONVERSION.

THERE is very general and very natural surprise at the reluctance shown by holders of Consols to accept the offer made to them by the Chancellor of the Exchequer at the beginning of last week. On the 6th of July next the whole of the outstanding Three per Cents will become payable, and upon such as are not on that day tendered for redemption interest will cease on the 7th of July. A few months later the stock which has not been redeemed will be compulsorily converted into Two and three-quarters per Cent. stock. To lessen the labour at the beginning of July, and to hasten the process of Conversion, the Chancellor of the Exchequer offered to redeem last week up to the amount of 15 millions of Consols then outstanding, giving the par value of the stock and 17. 6s. 8d. in consideration for accrued interest, which was about 5s. per cent. above the interest actually due. Those holders who did not accept the offer will receive on the 6th of July next the par value of the stock and 17. 10s. per cent. as one half-year's interest. From the 14th of May then until the 6th of July the actual interest receivable by the owner who refused the terms on the 14th of May will amount to no more than 3s. 4d. per cent., whereas if he had accepted the terms offered him, he would have been able to reinvest his capital and interest for very nearly two months. Naturally it was assumed almost universally in the City that there would be much eagerness to obtain the Chancellor of the Exchequer's terms. And accordingly the joint-stock and private banks and the bill-brokers and discount-houses bid eagerly for the 5 millions of Nine Months and Twelve Months Treasury Bills, which had to be paid for on the 13th of May. At the time the supply of loanable

capital in the outside market was small; but they argued that on the following day the 15 millions of Consols would be redeemed, and that the larger part, at all events, of the money would be paid into the outside market. Contrary to the general expectation, however, the acceptances of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's offer were found to be under 6 millions, or not much more than one-third of the amount which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was prepared to pay off. As a matter of fact, we may observe, in passing, that many forms sent in accepting the Chancellor of the Exchequer's terms were so irregular that they had to be returned for correction. And, therefore, at the beginning of last week, the Treasury was not in a position to pay off even all those holders who were willing to accept the offer made to them. Since then the Chancellor of the Exchequer has notified, through the Bank of England, that he will continue until further notice to receive applications for the immediate redemption of Consols. The result of the offer somewhat disturbed the money market. As just stated, the supply of loanable capital in the outside market at the time was small; and yet the 5 millions of Treasury Bills were taken by the outside market, in the belief that the supply would be largely increased on the 14th of May. The supply, however, was not largely increased on the 14th of May. On the contrary, the payments out of the Exchequer on account of the redemption of Consols were smaller than the payments into the Exchequer on the preceding day on account of the Treasury Bills. The result was that the joint-stock and private banks had to call in large amounts of loans made to the bill-brokers and discount-houses at call or for a very few days. And the bill-brokers and discount-houses, to meet the demands of the joint-stock and private banks, had to apply for advances to the Bank of England. Within about three days, therefore, at the beginning of last week, the outside market borrowed from the Bank of England very nearly 5 millions. Fortunately, the Bank of England was well supplied with funds, because of the large imports of gold from abroad that have been going on for a couple of months past. And, not to cause inconvenience to the market, the Directors of the Bank of England relaxed the rule upon which they usually make loans and lent to the bill-brokers and discount-houses for one day, or two days, or three days, as the borrowers desired. In this way anything like stringency was prevented. But the fact that the bill-brokers and discount-houses had to borrow so largely from the Bank of England proves very conclusively how completely they were at fault in estimating the probable reply of holders of Consols to the offer of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Since, as shown above, acceptance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's offer would be pecuniarily advantageous to Consol-holders, how is it that so few of them have availed themselves of the advantage? Probably one explanation is that all those who thoroughly understood the bearings of the operation had already converted. The great majority of the national creditors recognized last year that conversion was inevitable, and fearing that by holding back they might get worse terms in the end, they accepted those which were then obtainable. Consequently, over eleven-twelfths of the whole of the Three per Cents were converted in the spring of last year. A small minority, however, argued that they could not lose by waiting. If, through any accident Conversion were to be prevented, they reasoned that their foresight would be rewarded; they would continue to receive 3 per cent., whilst those who converted would see their interest cut down at first to 2½ per cent., and then to 2½ per cent. Even if the Conversion should prove a complete success, they went on to argue that they could not be paid off for twelve months, that at the end of that time they would be able either to exchange their Three per Cents for Two and three-quarters per Cents, or to demand payment in cash, and consequently that their capital would remain intact whatever happened in the interval. But, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer was desirous of completing the operation as early as possible, towards the close of last year he began to negotiate with the larger holders of Consols for the exchange of their stock into Local Loans stock. The latter stock, it will be in the recollection of our readers, was created a couple of years ago. It bears 3 per cent. interest, and is not convertible for five-and-twenty years from the date of creation. It is understood that all the larger holders who had refused to convert twelve months ago exchanged their holdings some time since for Local Loans stock. The terms on which they were enabled to do so were advantageous to them, and probably all holders would have followed their example, but that it was found impossible to communicate with the very small holders scattered over the country. At the beginning of April, then, the Chancellor of the Exchequer offered to pay off the whole of the outstanding Reduced Threes, amounting to about 5½ millions, with a bonus of half-a-crown per cent., and this was no doubt largely availed of. It is said, too, that some few trustees whose trusts strictly confined them to investment in Three per Cent. annuities are unwilling to do anything in aid of the Conversion. They consider that if through any accident, political or otherwise, Conversion should not be completed, they might be held liable for departing from the instructions of the trust. And in any case they think that they are bound to follow those instructions as long as any Three per Cents exist. Then there is a third class of small holders scattered over the country who know little of what is going on in the great world, who do not understand what Conversion means, and do not quickly recognize the advantages of the offer recently made to them by the



Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lastly, it is reasonable to assume that the owners of an indefinite amount of Consols cannot at present be ascertained. The last holders have died, perhaps intestate, without known relatives, or it may be without any relatives. Where there are heirs they are not aware of their good fortune, or they have not the means of establishing their rights. What amount of Three per Cent. stock is in this position cannot now be ascertained. But it is inevitable that it must be not inconsiderable. It is a long time since the creation of Consols, and in that long time many holders must have died without known heirs. Mr. Goschen provided for cases where no claim is made by arranging that the stock should, after a lapse of a few months, be converted into Two and three-quarters per Cents. But the City evidently did not make allowance for such cases. It assumed that the owners of Consols are known, and would not only take care to assert their rights, but that they would promptly avail themselves of every advantageous offer made to them. Therefore it concluded that the opportunity to receive payment, with a bonus of  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., nearly two months before interest on Consols ceased, would be eagerly taken advantage of, and when its assumption proved groundless, it was puzzled to account for the fact.

It is not, therefore, so surprising as it looks at first sight that the completion of Conversion should be slow. Twelve months ago, as already stated, more than eleven-twelfths of the whole Three per Cent. Debt was converted, leaving about 42½ millions unconverted. On the 1st of January of the present year we find, however, from a return made to the House of Commons, that nearly 8½ millions of the amount then outstanding was held by Government departments, so that the amount unconverted in the hands of the public barely exceeded 33½ millions. A portion of this, as already stated, has been exchanged for Local Loans stock. Another portion was redeemed at the beginning of April, and it is not improbable, therefore, that the amount outstanding in the hands of the public on the 14th of May was not much, if at all, more than the 15 millions which the Chancellor of the Exchequer offered to pay off on that day. In round figures, about 6 millions were then tendered for redemption, which would leave unaccounted for 9 millions of the 15 the Chancellor of the Exchequer was prepared to redeem. Assuming for the moment that on the 14th of May there were only about 15 millions of Three per Cents. in the hands of the public, and that 6 millions of these were tendered for redemption, it would not be at all surprising that the owners of the remaining 9 millions cannot now be ascertained. The total amount of the Three per Cent. Debt when Conversion began, our readers will recollect, was very nearly 600 millions. Nine millions would be only 1½ per cent. of this total amount, which would certainly not be an extraordinary proportion to be now unclaimed, bearing in mind our knowledge of the large amount of unclaimed property known to exist, not only in this country, but abroad. Of course it is quite possible that some of the Consols still outstanding are held by small holders in remote parts of the country who do not understand the value of the offer that has been made to them, and who will by-and-by present their Consols for redemption. It is also possible that a portion may be in the names of trustees who will do nothing until the very last moment, and will then agree to convert. But it would not be surprising, knowing what we do of the amount of unclaimed property, if it were found when Conversion is completed that 9 millions, or nearly 9 millions, are now unclaimed.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### IV.

THAT "Mrs. Gribble" is Mr. Sargent's most notable portrait in the Academy is due to some extent to its size. His "George Henschel, Esq." (104) shows the same qualities of perception and handling. Turning from either of these pictures to the worthy and irreproachable portraiture we spoke of last week is like entering a dreary world where nothing is said with point. In some societies people who may have passed examinations say what we know, perhaps too well, to be true and wise, and we are tired by a repetition of fact unilluminated by any fresh sidelight from the speakers' own minds. Now Mr. Sargent shows us Mr. Henschel's head with a style that may be called a lively commentary on the character of the forms he treats. The peculiar form of the nose is rendered with a modelling no less subtle than broad and convincing. Extremely delicate changes of plane are indicated, but without the hard lines of those painters who would condone false relation by the use of too obvious drawing. The relief of the nose from the cheek on the right side affords a fine instance of Mr. Sargent's perception of a close range of nuances. The rendering of the growth and texture of the beard and of the luminous shadows should also be remarked. To represent things with an effect of ease and dash suits neither every temperament nor every mood of even the most exuberant painter, as witness Rembrandt and Velasquez. But we can easily see that truth can be given without dullness; can be rendered, in fact, with nobility, severity, or overwhelming force, and that by a style wanting in the apt and picturesque vivaciousness of Mr. Sargent. There is no need to take old examples. In the Academy we have Mr. John Collier's "A. W. Williamson, LL.D., F.R.S., &c." (24), "G. E. Thorley, Esq." (369),

and "W. W. Pilkington, Esq." (556); Professor Herkomer's "Sir Henry Roscoe" (30), and Mr. Herman G. Herkomer's "Rev. R. W. Randall" (374). There is a force in these pictures which lifts the representation of truth above the commonplace of assertion to the level of fine prose. Of these men Mr. Collier is the most thoroughly uncompromising in the sincerity of his modelling. He shows the complexions of his sitters as affected by a real light—a thing rare enough if you will look round. Sham gaudy colour out of key generally does duty for a ruddy complexion. True as it is, Mr. Collier's work here cannot compete for beauty of colour, texture, and handling with his splendid picture in the New Gallery. Nor does Mr. H. G. Herkomer quite reach the very high level of his best work in that exhibition. Still, he shows the qualities of softness, brilliance, and truth in flesh-tint that he so admirably illustrates in his "Earl of Lonsborough." In comparison with this sort of work, which appears more studied and less lively, some people call Mr. Sargent's pictures superficial. Though the word may bear many interpretations, we can think of none specially applicable to Mr. Sargent. To those who think that a man can paint what they call the spiritual we only say that, speaking strictly, the artist can see nothing but the superficial, and can affect us by nothing that does not come through the eyes. People, for instance, are aware of facial expression, but ignorant of how it takes place. The artist, however, must feel it as so much change of plane and shade of colour or he has nothing to paint. It must be more to him than that mysterious speech of the soul that it is to us; it must be seen as a definite material change in tint or shape or it eludes his art. Thus it mainly depends for due rendering upon the power of subtle modelling, a power which Mr. Sargent possesses. Again, it might be called superficial to employ a style which has no analogy with a sitter's temperament and manner. A person might consider it inappropriate to paint a bold man tamely or to render Mr. Sargent himself without some swagger and spirit in the execution. This may be a somewhat fanciful reading of the word; but, at any rate, it is a kind of superficiality not particularly chargeable on Mr. Sargent. He will be found still less open to blame if we suppose a third and more natural view of the word, which would confine it to criticism of an artist's seriousness in adapting his handling to the character of a sitter's actual visible shape. It would be absurd to pretend that Mr. Sargent's bravura handling is laid on arbitrarily. On the contrary, it tends to explain and emphasize the structure of an object, and never embarrasses one's apprehension of truth for the sake of formalities of style. There are, no doubt, plenty of painters whose style is a stiff mannerism, bearing no relation to the forms of the subject treated, whose modelling is weak or badly commonplace. These men are just as often hard and tame in their manner as elegant and dashing. Mr. J. J. Shannon sometimes shows us a very ordinary power of feeling form eked out by a clever, graceful method of handling. His "Miss Colley" (1144) is a piece of charming colour, brushed in a stylish fashion; but, on inspection of it, Mr. Shannon's study of form looks tolerably superficial. The modelling, in fact, is commonplace and wooden, and without the refined blending of planes which takes place in a soft surface under a diffused light. Mr. Shannon often does better work than this; indeed, his "Sir Edward Green, Bart., M.P." (732) is much more conscientiously observed. Near "Miss Colley" hangs a complete contrast, "Portrait of an Old Lady" (1155), by Mr. W. R. Symonds. Where the first is coarse, bold, decided, and mannered, the second is refined and weak, yet full of the truthful variety due to personal feeling and research. We have none of the hard wrinkles of Mr. Oulless, or the deft mannerism of Mr. Shannon; Mr. Symonds has his own faults. His care and his delicacy have led him to give away the effect of the large structure of the head, and, as it were, bury the anatomy in softness and beautiful elaboration. In "Arthur Hudson, Esq." (463) Mr. H. J. Hudson, without attaining the beauty and delicacy of Mr. Symonds's work, gives us modelling so close and intimate that his sitter becomes a distinct and unmistakably real person. His work is very quiet, and though not more striking, it seems less dull than the generality of good portraiture. We must except, too, from the charge of being uninteresting Mr. C. L. Burns's "Miss Maud Barnard" (308), Mr. E. A. Emslie's "Professor J. J. Sylvester" (51), Mr. W. M. Evans's "Miss Evelyn Muir" (241), Mr. S. J. Solomon's "Sir John Simon" (1239), and Mr. Raeburn Macbeth's "Nurse Ann" (675). Mr. Solomon's "Sir John Simon" is infinitely superior to his big picture; it is perhaps the best portrait he has ever done, although his "Gladys, daughter of Arthur Raphael, Esq." (393) has unwonted charms of touch and expression. Mr. Margeson's "Miss R." (1129) makes a striking appearance; the black dress is finely handled, but the artist should take warning by Mr. W. Carter's neighbouring canvas, 1133, and endeavour to keep his flesh colour free from spots of dirt. Mr. Fildes's "Sisters" (372), and more especially Mr. Boughton's picture with the same title, 122, are canvases of the old sort with pictorially arranged accessories. Mr. Fildes is somewhat hard, yet this is much better and more serious stuff than his former sloppy prettiness. Mr. Boughton sets his figures in a charming garden under a beautifully painted sky; but his flesh-tints appear too pink, probably from their relation to other colours. Notable work comes from Messrs. Jacob Hood, P. Short, L. Hughes, H. Glazebrook, Mount Loudon, Appleby, J. Story, and several others.

In many portraits we have seen style used to heighten the ex-

pression of the personal peculiarities of a sitter. To those who regard the truths of modelling only, it may seem a trivial thing to seek to supplement nature by adding point to the statement of those truths. But we must remember the difference of focus in different visions, which gives quite different importance to the masses of nature. If we look at still life, too, we see the use of emphasis; the action of light is made poetic and striking here simply by the force of style. Why should style be less available for producing eloquence in portraits, figure subjects, and landscape. Indeed, it is particularly serviceable in landscape, where the great distances and innumerable details render some artistic solution of the questions of breadth and focus specially necessary. Moreover, a figure will more or less compose itself and exist without accessories, but a landscape demands ingenious arrangement. Style only consists after all in the application of the decorative qualities of certain processes of painting to heighten the representation of a truth. As the artist advances in mastery he feels more keenly the characters of the various uses of paint, and applies them to render certain shapes or to enforce the tendency of his *ensemble*. It becomes important to him whether he builds his work in severe square mosaic, whether he brushes the solid paste in the direction of the forms, whether he touches deftly on the top of a light rubbing in, or employs a mixture of various methods. Let us take from the Academy three or four examples of landscapes with a marked and evident style. Are not Mr. Arthur Lemon's "The Close of a Day" (333), his "Gauls on the Roman Campagna" (1085), Mr. Laurence Scott's "Upland" (170), Mr. Peppercorn's "In the Meadows" (1175) and his "Lane" (452) the more touching for their fine consistency of manner. Would not the mere observations therein recorded be somewhat dull and voiceless without this bond which gives them force and eloquence? Let us take Mr. Scott's simple sweep of country traversed by a dyke. By virtue of his firm, judicious touch, his broad consistent massing, and the suitability of his sky and ground what would have been merely dreary becomes wild, forcible, almost threatening. Mr. Lemon's view of the Campagna is swept clear of triviality or meanness in a way that brings out to advantage its savage grandeur. In fact, Mr. Lemon has entirely outgrown the tameness, hesitation, and spottiness that come from a slavish and uneducated respect for the unmeaning multiplicity of nature. The same telling simplicity may be seen in the treatment and handling of his other picture "The Close of a Day." In these three canvases both these artists show that they can properly estimate the value of different elements in a scene. In their view, modelling should be made of more importance than the rendering of small accidents of colour or shape. That system pays in portraiture, and it pays as well in landscape. In the first case it illustrates the structure of a head by showing the inclination and force with which the light falls on the planes. In the second case a broad system of modelling shows the action of light and weather on the surface of the earth. It fetches out the big trend of the ground, the dryness or dampness of the air and grass, and the truth of the main relation between sky and earth. These are very easily falsified by niggling detail, or if rendered, are so buried in trivial observation that they must be searched out like the knot of a mathematical puzzle. One cannot justify results in art as in science—by proof. If the truth is not made manifest, art has failed. In fact, that which is most manifest becomes the picture, whether it be important structures or trivial detail. But it is by style that an artist keeps his picture together and holds us constantly in the same vein or key of feeling. Character then, not necessarily beauty (in the ordinary accepted meaning of the word), comes from the practice of style, so that realism need never be divorced from style. The two aims are perfectly compatible. Extreme decorative beauty demands very generally a greater sacrifice of fact. We have only to look at Mr. Peppercorn's work—perhaps more soothing and harmonious in colour and arrangement than anything in the place—to see that he has not been able to carry along with this quality so robust a representation of nature as some other men.

#### NOTES FROM THE ZOO.—BOWER-BIRDS.

AN extremely interesting and amusing sight is provided for visitors to the Zoo during the present warm spring weather by the bower-birds confined in the first compartment of the Western Aviary, as they are busy about their bower, the peculiar structure from which they take their name.

The bower-birds belong to a group of Australian birds, which also includes the cat-birds and regent-birds, famous for their peculiar habit of constructing on the ground a bower of sticks and other substances, not as a nesting-place, but simply for purposes of love-making and play, their nests being built in trees. These bowers are most peculiar structures; and, though differing both in construction and decoration according to the species of the architect, have very much in common. Little was known of the habits of bower-birds until Mr. Gould published his work on the Birds of Australia, and that famous ornithologist not only gave to the world an excellent account of the habits of these birds and their allies, but also brought home specimens of their architecture, several of which are now at the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, and, as they are placed together in one case, the difference between them can be appreciated at a

glance. All of them are, as we have said, built upon the ground, and are mainly composed of sticks, and are more or less decorated with shells, bones, and pebbles, and, in the case of the Silky Bower-bird, with bright-coloured feathers worked into the structure. Like our own ravens and jackdaws, the bower-birds appear to be fond of picking up unconsidered trifles, as Mr. Gould tells us he found in one bower a neatly-worked stone tomahawk, and the natives are in the habit of searching the birds' bowers, often with success, for objects lost in the bush. At the Zoological Gardens there are at the present time specimens of two species—the Silky Bower-bird (*Ptilonorhynchus violaceus*) and the Spotted Bower-bird (*Chlamydodera maculata*)—and the former are now amusing themselves by bower-building. There are in the aviary nine or ten of these birds, the whole of them, with two exceptions, being cocks, in different stages of plumage; and it is worthy of remark that the male and female are utterly unlike, the former when in adult plumage being of a beautiful glossy blue-black, with a brilliant sapphire eye, while the latter is, by comparison, but a dull bird, being greenish-brown, with a spotted, or rather spangled, breast. The young cocks much resemble the hens; in fact, the only noticeable difference is that the green in their plumage is brighter. They do not obtain their full adult plumage until their third year. Among all the Society's specimens there is but one cock in full adult plumage, though another has nearly attained to it; and the former is apparently the principal bower-builder, and extremely interesting it is to watch his performance. The bower is made of sticks, which are cut from a birch-broom and supplied to him for the purpose, placed on end in the ground, and so arranged as almost to form an arch about a foot in length, open at both ends, and is—probably, among other reasons, for want of material—by no means so perfect a structure as those to be seen at the Museum, though it is never for two days alike, one peculiarity of these birds being that they are, to all appearance, never satisfied with their work, as they are constantly pulling it to pieces and rebuilding it. The decoration in this case is especially poor; but this is not the fault of the bird, as he has made use of all the materials at his command; as these consist only of a few oyster-shells and suchlike odds and ends, the effect is doubtless not as good as it might be if his supplies were brighter and more varied. However, as often as feathers or pieces of ribbon are given to him the mice, which swarm in the Gardens, appropriate them, thus rendering the brightening of the structure of the bower almost an impossibility. His ornaments, such as they are, are arranged on the ground at each entrance, and apparently afford him great delight, as he is constantly moving and rearranging them. Whenever the bower has been satisfactorily arranged the cock politely invites one of the hens to enter, which she does and squats down, and then begins a most amusing performance, as he erects his feathers and dances round the bower with most ludicrous bows and contortions, occasionally picking up a shell or other ornament, and carrying it round in his bill, and this exercise he continues for some time. The habit of destroying and rebuilding the bower is from the visitor's point of view particularly annoying, as it is most disappointing on paying a visit to the birds to find that they are simply, after their usual manner, flying backwards and forwards through their cage, apparently intent on obtaining as much exercise as possible, and with no more idea of bower-building and decoration than have their unesthetic fellow-lodgers, the Hill Mynahs. When seen in their builders' native country these bird-built bowers must be very beautiful. That of the Spotted Bower-bird has been described as "beautifully lined with tall grasses, so disposed that the heads nearly meet, and the decorations are very profuse," while that of the Regent-bird is said to be ornamented with "berries of various colours, blue, red, and black, which give it when fresh a very pretty appearance. Besides these, there were several newly-picked leaves and young shoots of a pinkish colour, the whole showing a decided taste for the beautiful." In comparison with these the bowers made by the birds at the Zoo of birch twigs cut from an old broom and decorated with pieces of oyster shell are much what a heap of dry bones is to a living animal—nevertheless, such as they are, they are very interesting and well worth a visit.

#### VELASQUEZ.

AT 24 Dawson Place, Pembroke Square, is now on view a very charming specimen of the art of Velasquez, never before seen in this country, and of unquestioned authenticity. It comes from the famous collection of the Duke of Marchena (François de Bourbon), which is about to be broken up, and it is now being exhibited here in the expectation that it may be added to one of the great English galleries. It represents a little princess, of about nine years of age, seated in stiff festal robes, with her fair hair elaborately drawn out in a curve on one side of her head, an exactly analogous curve being formed on the other side by an object the nature of which it is not quite easy to determine, whether it be a great red feather or else a piece of red drapery arranged so as to form the required semicircle. The little girl looks straight before her with an expression of great natural dignity, her greenish-grey eyes fixed on the spectator, her pale cheeks relieved against the red drapery, while some indubitable red feathers form, with certain pearls, the ornament of her ears.



The picture looks as though it had been cut down, perhaps from a full length, so low does the head come in the canvas. It is in very good condition, with one or two exceptions. The dark red background has been cracked here and there; the nostril on the left side has been clumsily repainted; and a cut across the mouth, like a stab from a dagger, has been repaired. Otherwise the canvas is as Velasquez left it, with all the ineffable charm of his silvery tones. The hair, in particular, in its sort of artificial balloon of blond softness, is exquisitely fresh, and melts into the rich background with no trace of a hard outline. The eyes are limpid and of an extraordinary sweetness. It has always been traditional that this dignified little lady was the Infanta Doña Maria Teresa, the daughter of Philip IV., of whom there is another portrait by Velasquez in the Prado. But recent research has made it seem more probable that she represents the Infanta Doña Margarita. The pedigree of the picture is complete and simple. It was painted for the King of Spain, and remained in the possession of the Royal family until it was given by King Ferdinand to his niece, the Princess de Beira, on her marriage with the brother of the Emperor of Brazil; her grandson is the present Duke of Marchena. It is to be desired that the Directors of the National Gallery might see their way to the purchase of this beautiful portrait. We possess no example of Velasquez's treatment of female children.

At the same place is on view another interesting specimen from the Marchena Gallery, a miniature which has been always attributed to Velasquez. It is the portrait of a young woman of a somewhat masculine countenance, in a black dress, with a voluminous grey ruff. Unfortunately the brown hair appears to have been repainted, and that not very skillfully. The face, however, is untouched, and is of a charming freshness and breadth of treatment. The mouth especially is admirable. Examples of Velasquez's work as a miniaturist are too seldom seen to enable us to pronounce with any certainty on the attribution of this interesting little work.

#### THE NEW GALLERY.

II.

IN our opening remarks upon the pictures of the year we indicated Mr. Sargent's "Lady Macbeth" (110) as the work which in all probability would attract most remark at the New Gallery, but we gave no account of it. It is, indeed, not an easy work to criticize. Opinion rages around it, and it enjoys the distinction—not a new sensation to Mr. Sargent—of being the best-hated picture of the year. It represents Miss Ellen Terry, as Lady Macbeth, at full length, in her apple-green mantle and her voluminous robe of azure, embroidered with the carapaces of exotic beetles. Long trails of red wig, which Mr. Sargent is careful not to make too like real hair, hang from her head, and are barbarically filleted with yellow ribands. She lifts the immense crown, flashing with its fictitious jewels, with her bare arms, and prepares to place it on her brow. Her face is rouged and painted for the foot-lights; we are not even spared the smears of brown paint at the corners of her eyes, although these give a squinting effect to the latter. There is no attempt to idealize the subject, no thought of giving us Lady Macbeth herself; it is strictly and limitedly Miss Ellen Terry in that particular part, made as real, underneath her stage artificiality, as the painter knows how to make her. In fact, it is a *tour de force* of realism applied to the artificial, the actress caught and fixed, not as the individuality assumed, but as herself seen through and outside of the assumption. All this, which is the painter's obvious aim, must be taken into consideration in judging of the effect of the picture, which is extraordinary, full of genius, and probably wholly pleasing to the senses of but few. This intention accepted, it is easy to praise the execution. The force of the colour is astounding; Mr. Sargent, in his boldest Parisian days, never attempted anything so sumptuous, so imperial. This portrait will always remain eminent among his productions as one of the most characteristic specimens of his bold and learned mannerism pushed to its extremity. But of one thing we are certain, it is not a picture fit to be hung in a gallery of miscellaneous paintings. It simply kills everything within yards of it, and our hearts are wrung for Mr. Mark Fisher's gentle little landscape that fades away at its feet. The Directors of the New Gallery might, we think, have found some isolated position—in their Central Hall, for instance—for so unique a work. Mr. Sargent's is a kind of cannibal art that eats the children of his neighbours.

Among the portraits which have to be particularly noticed at the New Gallery are those of Messrs. Herkomer, Richmond, E. A. Ward, and Shannon. Professor Herkomer is seen to best advantage in his portrait of "Sir Joseph Hooker" (4), a very vigorous representation of the aged botanist in a copious robe of brown fur. We miss the dashing brush-work of this fine portrait in the over-smooth head of "The late Mrs. Craik" (92), which is nevertheless an accomplished piece of work. Professor Herkomer's other portraits at the New Gallery, one male and the other female, are less striking. Mr. Shannon's "Mrs. Henry Sidgwick" (29), which is destined to adorn Newnham College, is studiously unadorned, but vivid, intelligent, and workmanlike to a high degree. In the North Room the same painter exhibits a very elegant and simple full-length figure of "Miss Jean Graham" (117), standing in a grey satin dress. Mr. Ward has broken out

in a new place this year, with a series of small highly-worked portraits of cabinet size, full of incidental colour, and aiming at positive beauty of surface. One would hazard the conjecture that Mr. Ward had been fired by a visit to the Holbeins at Bâle. Of the five examples of his portraiture, there is no doubt that the most pleasing is the "Miss Hannah Caine" (142), a harmony of brilliant shades of blue, which is as delicate as it is novel and sumptuous. The charm of this little picture is not ruined, but it is certainly marred, by certain technical imperfections; for instance, the blue hawthorn pot in the background is supported by nothing at all. The "Eugene de la Penha, Esq." (147) is less satisfactory, but the silvery blue background against the blond head is very pretty. In the "John Tenniel, Esq." (26) the head is not successfully finished, and Mr. Ward's work generally is raw still, although it is highly promising and interesting. Mr. W. B. Richmond does not show to advantage at the New Gallery. His "Mrs. R. C. Jebb" (144) does scant justice to a beautiful subject; and in the "Mrs. Buxton" (74) the hands are very ill painted.

Of less known portrait-painters Mr. H. G. Herkomer seems to have abandoned the following of his kinsman for that of Frank Holl. He has become a skilful, rapid, wholly uninteresting portrait-painter of the business-like type which seems to come naturally to maturity in this country. There is not a trace of colour in his work, which is academic to an almost distressing degree, and we fear of but small promise for the future. There is great merit in Mr. Fairfax Murray's "A. H. Barrington, Esq." (47), in a brown velvet coat, patting a brown dog; portraits of ladies by the same artist are not so good. Mr. Wigram's "Mrs. F. Wigram" (66) is a head of an elderly lady in profile, very intelligently treated. Mr. Philip Burne Jones, who makes a distinct advance this year, has painted a very interesting little scene in the studio of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who stands on a wooden framework, while he manipulates the clay of his colossal group called "Vital Energy" (130); this little picture is not unworthy to be secured for a public collection, as an illustration of the works which Mr. Watts is understood to have bequeathed to the nation. Mr. La Thangue's scene in a drawing-room by lamplight, with "Mrs. Tom Mitchell" (154) seated in a primrose-coloured silk dress, is a vivid impression seen as if in a clouded mirror, which deserves (what the painter would doubtless disdain) that it should be carried further.

Landscape is well represented at the New Gallery. In the South Room Mr. Edward Stott assaults the eye with some of his startling experiments. Of these we have no hesitation in saying that one, the grass-green and shell-pink landscape called "Nature's Mirror" (180), is a failure; it is daring, and we honour the brave; but the brave sometimes get defeated. The homely critic, then, often describes the brave as "cheeky"—an adjective which the dignity of criticism prevents us from applying to Mr. Stott. His procession of geese through a misty "Stubble-field" (204) is far more true to nature, and his tall red-haired girl, standing with sheep under the brow of a down, close to "The Sheep Pool" (221), is within its limitations admirably faithful, and even beautiful. Mr. Stott has so much talent that all we can wish for him is a little judgment. Mr. North, approaching landscape from the opposite point of view, sometimes reaches effects analogous to those of Mr. Stott. But Mr. North's work does not gain in vigour; we like best this year his profusion of dog-roses growing near the edge of a deserted and rain-filled gravel-pit (28). Mr. Corbett, who affects in some measure the school of Costa, exhibits an Italian "Evening" (41), sandhills covered with coarse grass, with a slip of the sea and a range of blue crags in the distance. Mr. Colin Hunter leaves his customary Hebrides to paint "Fair Mill on the Nake" (61), a fresh blue-and-green pastoral watering-place, with a river in the foreground, the ripples of which are much too oily. Professor Legros sees melancholy landscapes in the Lozère or the Corrèze through blue spectacles darkly; his "La Vallée Pauvre" (80) is the most pleasing of the results. In the North Room Mr. Adrian Stokes scores a very genuine success with his finely-felt and admirably-realized "Wet West Wind"; this represents a low headland of sandy grass, with sheep standing on it patiently, soaked with rain, their fleeces clotted with moisture; below, the breakers foam into a little sandy cove; beyond, the grey sea is broken by one dim promontory after another. The weather is also very wet in Mr. Peppercorn's "Hayfield" (93), which might have been entitled "A Bad Look-out for the Hay Harvest." Mr. W. Padgett paints the first leafing of the poplar in Picardy well in his "Narrow Way" (95); but M. Monet has the advantage of him in sparkle. Mr. Mesdag's "Scheveningen" (99) is a highly accomplished example of this Dutch master, a silver effect of early morning light on the sea. Mr. David Murray's "Willows" (125) is painted in faithful discipleship of Corot. Mr. Boughton's "Morning in May" (134) is a remarkably fine example of his slightly conventional deep-hued English landscapes. No visitor to the New Gallery must miss Mr. Alfred Parsons's "A Backwater" (143), with the profuse red-flowered willow-herb beautifully drawn in the foreground; the Earl of Carlisle's "Luxor" (160), a highly-finished and curiously-flushed study of the Upper Nile; Mr. Henry Moore's radiant "In Sight of Sark" (188); Mr. Alfred Parsons's very original "On Mendip," children picking daffodils on a high common, with the broad and misty valley far below them; Mr. John Fullwood's solid and unfamiliarly Preraphaelite "Autumn Glow" (231); or Miss Clara Montalba's Venetian studies (237, 240). But one of the most

charming and most accomplished landscapes at the New Gallery is signed by a name quite unfamiliar to us, that of Miss F. W. Currey, "The River" (161), an exceedingly pretty piece of purely English work.

### ESPECIALLY POMPEY.

[SCENE—*The Grosvenor Gallery. The Meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation.*]

HE is coming! He's here! Where's your handkerchief, dear?  
It's a meeting of martyr and saint.  
Do you think they'll embrace? Oh! if that were the case,  
I believe—nay, I'm sure—I should faint!  
Look, look, Arabella! Ah! rather than lose  
So historic a scene I would—oh!  
He is shaking his hand!

"He! Who? His! Whose?"  
Why, *his*, Arabella, you know.

"But I hardly perceive——"  
Oh! you must understand,  
In my mem'ry 'twill ever be fixed;  
It's unspeakably touching, ineffably grand,  
It's profoundly impressive——

"But mixed."  
For I scarcely——  
My eyes are deliciously dim  
(More, indeed, than Miss Gushey's, by far),  
'Tis so noble of him——

"Of whom?"  
Of him!

Arabella, how stupid you are!  
Yes, I feel as I view that adorable Two,  
That our language no lustre can add  
To the conduct that he——

"That who?"  
That he!

Arabella, you're really too bad!  
No statesman, I care not what statesman it is,  
Has the high magnanimity shown  
Of this action of his——

"Of whose?"  
Of his!

Arabella, do leave me alone!  
Generosity raised to so lofty a pitch  
As such acts of forgiveness proclaim  
Must for ever ennoble and glorify——

"Which?"  
Which? Which? Arabella, for shame!  
Well; the honour, of course, of this glorious day,  
Which brings tears to each feminine eye,  
Is the whole of it dear Mr. Gl-dst-ne's——

"But——"  
Pray

Now, don't, Arabella, ask why.

Mr. P. used to call him the dreadfulest things.  
"So did dear Mr. G. Mr. P.,  
Though which has the most to forgive in these flings——"  
Arabella, what doubt can there be?  
Mr. P. to his scorn for the Land Act gave vent——  
"Well, a gaol was a rough tit-for-tat,  
And he charged him with plund'ring the landlord of rent——"  
Mr. G. has forgiven him that.

Mr. P. has had personal injuries, true;  
Mr. G.'s are the wrongs of the State;  
Yet those he has pardoned as readily, too,  
Which is truly, I think, to be great.

Mr. P.——  
"Nay enough! The resemblances strike  
In the wrongs and forgiveness they share;  
I perceive the dear men are amazingly like,  
More especially one of the pair.  
We may choose as it suits us, one easily sees,  
Though at first to decide I was loth;  
The magnanimous one is——whichever we please,  
Since we've paid pretty dearly for both."

### REVIEWS.

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.\*

THESE three volumes on Garibaldi are apparently designed by his family to be the authorized Life of him. They contain his Autobiography, and a Supplement, filling the whole of the third

\* Autobiography of Giuseppe Garibaldi. Authorized Translation. By A. Werner. With a Supplement by Jessie White Mario. 3 vols. London: Walter Smith & Innes. 1889.

volume, by Signora Jessie White Mario. The Autobiography and the Supplement give, we are assured, all that Garibaldi chose to tell the world, or permitted his family to make known. It must be confessed that the hero and his representatives have shown great discretion and good taste. Garibaldi himself never accepted the modern notion that "people have a right to know everything." On the contrary, he habitually denied this creed of the scandalmonger, and, though grievously provoked, refused during his life to publish the letters and conversations which had passed between himself and the King before the famous expedition of the Thousand of Marsala. In his wrath after Aspromonte he did consent to publish a vindication of himself, supported by evidence, and even authorized Signora Mario to find him an English publisher. She had, under the circumstances, no difficulty in persuading the "Prince of Publishers" to undertake the venture, and even promise lavish terms, if only Garibaldi's name was to be put on the title-page. But by the time the arrangement was made his anger had so far cooled as to allow his better nature to gain the upper hand. He refused, after all, to betray the confidence of the King, though in doing it he might have hit very hard the men who had first used him as a tool and then thrown him aside. The vindication was never written, and a great deal of angry discussion was very wisely avoided. Garibaldi's family have most creditably followed his example. They, too, have respected the confidence of Victor Emanuel. In an equally respectable spirit, they have abstained from repeating some details of their hero's life which the world has no right to know. Enough is said to enable any man of sense to guess at the facts with confidence, but nothing is repeated which is not, by the nature of it, incapable of concealment. Signora Mario, in her Supplement, makes it abundantly clear that Garibaldi's power of influencing men was completed by a quite exceptional faculty of inspiring devotion in women. She also, in a passage of some unconscious humour, explains that he combined a "very high, very reverent, and deferential" opinion of women "in the abstract," with a decidedly masterful, human, and not at all mystic line of conduct towards them in the concrete. His romance with his wife Anita is an example of his relations to the sex. From his own remorseful words some have, it seems, been led to believe that he had seduced another man's wife; but the truth is that the lady, whose respectable name was Doña Ana Maria de Jesus Riveiro de Silva, made a moonlight flitting with the hero to escape a forced marriage with an old and ugly suitor approved of by her father—than which nothing could be more fitting or creditable to both parties. If they were not married at once, it was because there was no chaplain on board Garibaldi's schooner, the *Itapirica*, or in the backwoods of Rio Grande, where they spent the next two or three years. As soon as they were settled in Montevideo they were duly married. Their marriage lines are given here, and are in the strictest form. In a country in which a subsequent marriage legitimizes the children there was nothing in all this more than the agreeably irregular to a young Brazilian lady of spirit, as Doña Ana Maria de Jesus most undoubtedly was. How heroically she accompanied her husband in his South American campaigns is known. Signora Mario explains, however, that Anita did not escape the pangs of jealousy either in South America or in Italy. It seems not improbable that her determination to join her husband in Rome during the siege, in 1849, was not a little due to the wish to preserve him from the Roman ladies. She came in defiance of orders, and refused to go, though severe measures were taken with her. The story of her dreadful death is one of the most striking passages in her husband's Autobiography. Garibaldi plainly loved her dearly, and cherished her memory, though he gave her a series of regular and irregular successors.

The arrangement of the book is less creditable than its good taste. It is too much cut up. There is a long, windy, and very superfluous introduction on Italian history, apparently by the translator. Then comes the Autobiography, filling the greater part of the first volume and the whole of the second. The translation reads easily, and is free from foreign idioms. The worst fault we have to find with it is the continual use of the word "*carbine*" where Garibaldi obviously meant a rifle. The third volume is given to the "Supplement," which is, in fact, a Life of Garibaldi, by Signora Mario, designed to complete, and in some cases to correct, the Autobiography. It is well written, properly laudatory to Garibaldi, and yet honourably fair to others—to Mazzini, to the King, and to Cavour. Signora Mario even supplies a certain amount of original information about Italian history between 1848 and 1865. She fills up spaces which Garibaldi had left blank. When, for instance, he says that "on the 5th of January, 1834, I left the Porta della Lanterna at Genoa, disguised as a peasant, an outcast from my country," he omits to add that he was under sentence of death for enlisting in the Sardinian navy, with the intention of raising a mutiny. Signora Mario gives us this information. It would, however, have been better, we think, to have annotated the Autobiography instead of adding a whole volume of Supplement. As it is, the story is told twice in different forms, and the reader is confused by the necessity of referring from one to the other. The book would have gained in completeness if some account had been given of those wars in South America into which Garibaldi threw himself with such entire confidence that he was always on the side of justice and right.

The Autobiography, which is the pith of the three volumes,



might, indeed, stand by itself. Whatever blank places there may be in it, it shows in the most convincing way what manner of man Giuseppe Garibaldi was. As a mere historical document, as an authority for the facts, its value may not be considerable. Garibaldi complains of his own bad memory, and he wrote without the help of diary, notes, or letters. The manuscript was composed at different times when he had the leisure or was inclined to write, and was plainly influenced by the feelings of the moment. To this may be attributed the fact that there is no sort of proportion in the narrative. The account of his South American fighting occupies not much less than half of the whole, and he becomes steadily more brief and less precise as he goes on, which is much what one would expect in the narrative of an old man writing from memory. As a matter of fact, however, the South American part was written long before the events described in the latter part of the Autobiography had taken place. The brevity of these last is due to fatigue, to old age, and not a little to disgust at the intrigues which defiled every successive step taken to secure Italian unity. Garibaldi seems to have looked back on the savage straightforward fighting in Rio Grande, or on the River Plate, with a kind of complacency he could never feel for the subtle mining and counter-mining of Cavour, or the wordy bigotry of Mazzini, with whom he came to open quarrel. Whatever the cause may have been, the fact remains that he tells his adventures in Southern Brazil and his expedition up the Uruguay at greater length than he does the campaign of the Thousand. For our part, we do not greatly lament the disproportion, since we can learn all about the Revolution of the Two Sicilies easily enough, and what we ask from the Autobiography is to give us the man himself. Now this it does even by its very faults. Nobody who has read it with even a moderate critical faculty can end it with any doubt as to what was Garibaldi's claim to respect and to the admiration of his countrymen. He was certainly not a great general. Indeed, he frankly confesses that he hated what he calls "organization," and was a bad hand at it. In other words, he neither understood nor tried to understand the merits of scientific fighting. It does not even appear that he was a successful *guerrillero* of the stamp of Serrano Gomez, Mello, or the other men he met in South America. His merit as a commander was, as General Manteuffel, who met him at Dijon, acknowledges, that, when he hit, he hit hard, and could often pick a good place to hit at. He was rapid in his movements, and he made his men follow him. No leader ever understood better that, when you have your enemy on the run, you should keep him on the run; but he gave few other proofs of intellect as a general. In politics he was not to be taken seriously. His creed consisted in a sentimental preference for a Republic—the government of honest men, as he called it—modified by a loyalty to Victor Emanuel which survived many severe trials, and a firm belief in the need for a Dictator in times of trouble. In the fitness of Giuseppe Garibaldi for the post he had an unshaken, but withal quite humble-minded, confidence. That he could lead was a fact, which he accepted as he did his personal beauty, as a thing patent, but not a thing to be vain of at all. Indeed, Garibaldi was as innocent of the meaner vices as he was of intellect. There was a great deal of Colonel Newcome in him. He was, in the New Testament sense of the word, one of the poor in spirit—and that is precisely why he did his country inestimable service. Without great faculty as a general, without competence as a statesman, he was simple, direct, unselfish; he could inspire unmeasured devotion, and he kept himself aloof from all things base; on one hand from the pedantry of Mazzini, and on the other from the intrigues of Cavour. It may be that his early training as a sailor gave him a certain practical sense which preserved him from the theoretical bigotry of the Mazzinists; but a man must have the power of profiting by experience if it is to do him any good, and it was a natural cleanliness of nature which made him loathe the base compliances of Cavour. By sheer dint of honesty Garibaldi could even be stingingly sarcastic. After the war of 1870-71 some of his countrymen wished him to reopen the question of Nice. This was a severe trial to Garibaldi, but he stood firm. He would not countenance an attack on France in the day of her defeat, and he silenced his countrymen in fine style. "Tell them," said he, to Signora Mario, "that 229 representatives of the Italian people voted for the sale of Nice; that that vote has never been rescinded nor the cession cancelled by any succeeding Italian Parliament." He told them, in fact, that they were bound by their own sins, and should begin by reforming themselves. Indeed, Garibaldi tells his beloved countrymen the truth about their weaknesses with a wholesome directness. That he was often exasperating to practical men is possible, as all enthusiasts are; but it was often because he was inconveniently honest. That he had many limitations, and that his hatred of the clergy amounted to unreasoning mania, is also true. Still he was emphatically a man. As Anzani said, he had a mission from God, a mission to show the world one Italian patriot who was not a bigoted fanatic, and who had some scruple as to the nature of the instruments he could use to attain his ends. The Italian people have done well to make him the hero of the fight for their unity.

## A SET OF FIVE STORY BOOKS.\*

THE fat, closely-printed little volumes of American fiction issued by Messrs. Ticknor of Boston twenty-four times a year at the price of half a dollar each—not shilling dreadfuls in any sense—*donnent sérieusement à penser*. Five of them, running from the 5th January to the 16th March of the present year, are before us now. Such a meal of excellent solid pudding, so much beef, so to speak, with so little mustard, not all mental digestive machinery could get through. Twenty-four of them, even spread over the whole year, would certainly settle the flightiest imagination. Glancing over the list of the works which have already appeared, we perceive the names of Henry James, W. D. Howells, Julian Hawthorne, and Edgar Fawcett. Some variations of flavour are therefore admitted from time to time. But the note of Bostonianism is over them all. Modern American novels make rather an interesting study. With the rapidity of development which characterizes the century, American fiction has in certain directions taken on the infirmities of old age before it has overpassed the crudities of youth. Or, perhaps, one might fancy it has borrowed the corruption of older communities before it has had time to attain its own richest maturity. Some new American writers of novels betray ominous tokens of the influence of the French realistic school. We say ominous because any young and growing art injures itself by borrowing modes and methods alien to its original nature. Better its own awkwardnesses of immature youth than the brilliant improprieties stolen from France, which sit uncomfortably on unaccustomed limbs. This, however, has little to do with the five little novels in question, which have no filched honey charm about them. They are among the most respectable novels any reader can be acquainted with, a little dull, and written here and there in very queer English, but readable enough, principally because they describe homely scenes faithfully and depict pleasantly the New England manners of which English readers are not yet weary. Four out of the five are by women, and the fifth is the least good of them all. This fact is quite in keeping with the one point of social economy which presents itself at every turn in each of them—that the reign of vile man is coming to an end, that his preponderance in the affairs of this world is shortly to be given up to woman, that his pompous peacocking can no longer be endured, and that woman's turn is at hand. *His Two Wives*, by Mrs. Mary Clemmer, has this conviction running through it, and showing on every page. The hero is a poor creature. He is so poor that, after he has been bored to death by his first wife, who is always "sick," and does not know how to dance, nor how to dress herself, and has consoled himself with a Circe, and even gone the length of divorcing the feeble Agnes (you can divorce your wife, it appears, in America if she leaves you for a couple of years), and marrying Circe, he knows nothing better to do, when Circe casts him off and is drowned on her way to Europe, than to return to Agnes and marry her all over again. Agnes in her virtue and Circe in her fantastic luxury (her house in Washington would have made the Palazzo Pitti look mean) are both stronger, more capable, and more estimable than the poor man-being they toss to each other from hand to hand.

*The Desmond Hundred*, whose author's name is Jane Austin (what a difference a vowel can make!), has a good deal of the same feminine pre-eminence about it, though with another adjustment. Honoria Desmond is really a fine heroine, though her imperial airs are a little overdone. She is of mixed Irish and Spanish blood, an heiress, a beauty, and a sort of queen regnant over the estate she possesses. The ermine droops from her shoulders (in the author's metaphor), and her eyes change from imperial sapphires to dewy violets; but for all that, she is a generous creature, and we can read her story with interest. The scenery, too, is excellently well described; and a trip to the Bahamas is undertaken by the empress and her band of lovers, in order to give the author an opportunity for some vivid sketching of tropical scenes.

Helen Campbell, the author of *Under Green Apple Boughs*, takes a more ambitious flight than the two preceding writers. She aspires not only to describe human beings, but to explain them. Much ethics and some philosophy have been expended on the character of Professor Boynton, the great sceptic and chemist from New York, who has come to lead a farmer's life in Long Island to recover from the effects of an explosive experiment, and on that of Sylvia, the little waif-child, whose sympathies are akin to the birds, the beasts, the forest-trees, and woodland flowers. Professor Boynton is not a Docteur Rameau, nor are the results of Sylvia's influence the same as those brought to bear on the French materialist by Adrienne. The unpleasantness apt to hang about the relations of a man of more than middle age who falls in love with and marries the child he has adopted has not been wholly avoided here. That situation treated sentimentally is never satisfactory. Miss Campbell has also marred her otherwise very clever conceptions by letting them wander into the mazes of sensational bewilderments. Towards the close the various personages engage in a sort of game of blind-man's buff across the Atlantic which fatigues the mind to follow.

Of *A Woman of Honor* very little need be said. It is a piece of

\* *His Two Wives*. By Mary Clemmer. *The Desmond Hundred*. By the Author of "A Nameless Nobleman." *Under Green Apple Boughs*. By Helen Campbell. *A Woman of Honor*. By H. C. Bunner. *Forced Acquaintances*. By Edith Robinson. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1889.

mechanical spasmodic action which has little relation to human interest, and as little power to awaken any. There is an evident determination on the part of the author, Mr. H. C. Bunner, to write an amusing novel of society, and the effort is so insistent that the reader would gladly fall in with it were it only for the sake of gliding through the volume with the least amount of friction possible. But it can't be done. The little twirling figures on the top of a hand-organ will not look like human beings, though the pressure of "make-believe" were equal to that of Mr. Swiveller's Marchioness. The more energetically the tune is ground and the figures waltz the more apparent it is they are of painted wood.

Nor does Miss Edith Robinson's story *Forced Acquaintances* demand lengthened notice. It is a girl's book, healthy in tone but depressing in effect. Domestic squabbling is not an agreeable study in fiction any more than in real life. The quarrels of the sisters Marion and Kitty Ware are unpleasant to the imagination, and the story of the Ware household, with its incessant worries with servants and kitchen squalors, is one we make haste to forget.

#### CACTUS CULTURE.\*

SAD is the contemplation of noble objects fallen from their ancient high estate. Fortunately no lover of flowers needs any apology for the Cactus or any vindication. All that is wanted to restore this interesting and sorely misunderstood natural order of plants to its old favour with horticulturists and amateurs is supplied by Mr. Watson's handbook, with its numerous and excellent woodcuts, its lucid and thoroughly practical exposition of the subject. Perhaps a new caprice of fashion may now promote a new era of cactus culture, and decidedly Mr. Watson's book is likely to stimulate it. The present neglect of the Cactus family in England is almost unaccountable and certainly deplorable. Mr. Watson, who is charged with the fine collection at Kew, is obliged to confess, at the outset of his able and admirable treatise, that the cactus is "not popular among English horticulturists." There are a few specialists, like Mr. Peacock, but their treasures are but little known or regarded. Professional growers do not appear to exist among us, and Mr. Watson refers those who would collect to firms in Germany, Belgium, and France. How this strange neglect arose it were not easy to decide. Fashion has doubtless much to do with it. The rage for orchids, perhaps, has done a good deal to lower to its present ill condition the culture of plants, many of which are equally marvellous in the colour, form, and scent of their flowers, and certainly not less miraculous in structure. It was not always so. A hundred, even sixty, years ago there were many noble collections in the country, and many varieties were commonly cultivated in greenhouses and the windows of cottages. A survey of the early volumes of Curtis's *Botanical Magazine*, when the peerless drawings of Sydenham Edwards and other artists of the period were frequent, shows in what high esteem the Cactus family was formerly held. Cactuses, indeed, were early honoured in this country. One of the *Opuntias*—the genus most familiar to English eyes—was cultivated by Gerard nearly three hundred years ago. This variety (*O. vulgaris*), with several of its congeners, *Cereus Fendleri*, a few of the *Mammillarias*, and one or two others, are sufficiently hardy to thrive in warm sheltered rockeries in the open. The list of hardy kinds of cactus given by Mr. Watson might possibly be further extended by any one whose garden is fortunately placed in South Devon or Cornwall, where sea fogs are not common. The hardness of these singular plants has, perhaps, scarcely been thoroughly tested in England. Not a few of the common objects of our gardens were on their introduction experimentally coddled under glass in greenhouses, hot or cool, before some enterprising gardener ventured to apply the full test of exposure. So may it yet be with not a few of the Cactus tribe. Kew winters must not be taken as representative of sunnier portions of the kingdom. The question of open-air culture, interesting though it is, is and must remain secondary to the culture of the cactus under glass. The great majority—all the more splendid or imposing kinds of *Cereus*, *Echinocactus*, *Phyllocactus*, and the rest—can only be grown in houses. Who loves a cactus loves a greenhouse too.

How easy and how successful should be the culture of a vast number of the Cactus family, if undertaken by ordinary intelligence, Mr. Watson does very amply set forth in his directions as to soil, aspect, heating, sunlight, water, and propagation by seed, or cuttings, or grafting. The best of cactus-growing is that you may produce great effects from small beginnings, and by small means. You may derive much amusement and profit from cultivating the diminutive kinds in Wardian cases. You may rival better-equipped growers with some wonderful *Cereus* blazing with blossoms in a mere window recess, though you cannot hope to approach the weight and circumference of that *Echinocactus* described by Sir W. Hooker, which weighed 713 lbs., or Mr. Peacock's 5 cwt. of *E. Vianaga*, the toothpick plant; or that still heavier specimen, that weighed 1 ton, and died prematurely at Kew. But in ordinary glass frames and in greenhouses the field of enterprise is extensive indeed. One objection commonly urged against the culture of cactuses is that, though easy to grow, they are not readily induced to flower. This is true only of certain

members of the family. Some are certainly very shy in this respect. They do not flower until they attain to a respectable age, and their annual growth is very much less satisfactory than five minutes' progress of an excited snail. Nevertheless, there are hundreds—and some of the noblest kinds—that may be made to flower freely if Mr. Watson's sound and explicit directions are obeyed. Details of temperature, potting, and so forth, being once mastered, it is a question of water and sunlight, of rest and stimulus, of water applied at the right time or vigorously withheld in season. The genus *Cereus*, for instance, is especially to be commended, for the most part, for prolific flowering. The magnificent *C. grandiflorus*, or the snake-like *C. nycticalus*—one of the night-blooming group—with whose odour and beauty of colour few plants in the vegetable kingdom can vie, are examples of fine flowering that should set the amateur florist agog to collect the miracles of Mexico and marvels of Peru. Any one, says Mr. Watson, who possesses a warm greenhouse may readily grow the brilliant and odorous *C. speciosissimus*, with thirty stems, each 6 feet high, and bearing from sixty to eighty buds and flowers. And so it may be with a fair proportion of the almost endless varieties of cactaceous plants. With such encouragement and so authoritative and practical a guide, something like a cactus "boom" ought to set in, and a National Cactus Society may justify its existence among other floral associations.

#### THE WINTHROP PAPERS.\*

THIS volume, the most recent of the Publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is almost wholly devoted to the correspondence of Fitz-John Winthrop, as he was called, to distinguish him from his father, the Governor of Connecticut, and his grandfather, the Governor of Massachusetts; for all three were named John. Fitz-John served under Monck in Scotland as a captain in Reade's regiment, and when the regiment was disbanded after the Restoration, returned to Connecticut, and in 1690 commanded the land force which was sent against Montreal in order to co-operate with Phips. The expedition was a failure: for on reaching the Lakes, where Winthrop hoped "to find canoes enough to transport the whole army," there were "not enough for half the Christians." Only seventy-four Iroquois met him, and he was told that the smallpox was rife among the Indians. Accordingly he led his little army back to Albany, and left Phips, who was to attack Quebec from the St. Lawrence, to shift for himself, merely sending out a band of "choice young men" and some Indians to "alarme and spoil" the enemy's country as they could. From 1693 to 1697 he was Agent of Connecticut in England, and was engaged in two matters of deep interest to the colony. One was the confirmation of the charter of Charles II., which had been abrogated by Andros; the other a dispute as to the right to command the services of the Militia. The activity of the French, who were beginning to gain considerable influence over our Indians, rendered it advisable that the forces of the colonies should, as far as possible, be consolidated and centralized. On the other hand, the charter of Connecticut gave "the ordinary power of the Militia" to the Government of the colony. When, therefore, Fletcher, the Governor of New York, who was appointed commander-in-chief of the Militia by the King, demanded supplies of men, the Agent successfully pleaded the privileges of the colony, and he was "sumthing restricted in his demands offe our coato offe men." While Winthrop was in England the domestic affairs of Connecticut were in some confusion; and one of his correspondents informs him that "several gentlemen were secluded both Houses of Parliamt," and that undue indulgence was shown to one useless, though probably picturesque, official. This was Mr. Jones, the Deputy-Governor, then "in his decreped old age, who haveinge bin only capabale of drinkinge flipp and takinge tobacco since your departure, yet beinge an old Crumwelian is allowed 20£ p' ann. for his supply of those needfull commoditys."

In 1698 Winthrop was elected Governor of Connecticut, and held office until his death in 1707. His period of office is specially memorable for Dudley's attack on the charter of the colony. Some system of common defence against the French and the Indians was urgently needed. Everything which excited jealousies between the colonies tended to weaken their means of resistance, and when a colony was virtually independent of all direct interference on the part of the Crown, its relations with its neighbours were almost necessarily such as to give cause of offence. This was the case with Connecticut, where the local privileges were so full that the Crown could scarcely exercise any authority over its actions without invalidating its charter. However highly we may rate the men who struggled successfully for the preservation of these privileges, it is impossible to read the record of their policy given in these letters without a feeling of impatience; for the privileges for which they contended effectually prevented any vigorous action against the common enemy. Winthrop suffered much from ill health, and was often unable to transact business; and though the editors of this volume insist that "down to his last illness the policy of Connecticut continued to bear the impress of his resolute will," his letters do not strike

\* *Cactus Culture for Amateurs*. By W. Watson. Profusely Illustrated. London: L. Upcott Gill. 1889.

\* *Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society*. Sixth Series. Vol. III. Published at the charges of the Appleton Fund. Boston: published by the Society. 1889.



us as those of a man of first-rate ability. Dudley's schemes are of course represented by the Connecticut patriots in the darkest colours, but as several of his own letters are given here, the reader can form an independent judgment as to his proceedings. Neither his earlier career as an ally of Andros, nor his work as Governor of Massachusetts concerns us at present; the question before us is the character of his dealings with Connecticut. While he was no doubt swayed to some extent by personal ambition, there is no reason for doubting that he was fully alive to the evils which arose from the excessive independence of the chartered colonies, and that he saw the necessity for some scheme of compulsory co-operation and common administration. Although he was a New Englander he looked at these matters from an imperial, rather than a colonial, standpoint. Whatever may be said against his character, he was certainly not destitute of ability. And he found a fair ground for attacking the Connecticut charter in the conduct of the colony during Winthrop's government. When he arrived at Boston a dispute was going on between his colony and Connecticut with reference to boundaries, and he vainly pointed out to Winthrop that it was no time for quarrelling, that "we have opportunity enough to spend our courage upon the common enemy." He was soon involved in a long and distressing war with the Eastern Indians and their French allies, and pressed Winthrop to send him help, reminding him that, while Massachusetts was "in a hurry," his people were at peace, and "very capable to give the Queen's subjects, yo<sup>r</sup> brethren, assistance." The amount of help which he received was less than he thought that he had a right to expect. A difficulty arose as to the commissions of the officers; Dudley contended that it was unreasonable that they should command in his government without holding commissions from him, and these they refused to accept. Moreover, he complained bitterly that, "at a time of such difficulties and charge for the defence of her Majesty's subjects," the Connecticut justices molested his people upon "pretence of jurisdiction." An interesting account is given of the massacre at Deerfield, which was surprised by a party of French and Indians. Dudley urged Winthrop to send him more help, and again appears to have received less than he expected. The disputes about the boundary and about the officers' commissions broke out afresh, and hindered any hearty co-operation. He told Winthrop that Connecticut and Rhode Island ought to supply "the one halfe of the service," and Winthrop's Committee of War decided by way of reply that "Governor Dudley might have better considered than to have writt so much about our proportion." The next year he and Lord Cornbury—a more despicable person in all ways—joined in attacking the privileges of Connecticut, and a complaint was exhibited before the Privy Council against the colony "for unlawfull trade, harbouring of pyrates, runaway souldiers, seamen, and criminalls; denying supplies, dissolving the Queen's commission about the militia, executing people without power, denying appeals to her Maj<sup>ty</sup> in Councill, and many other enormities."

With the intention apparently of embarrassing the Connecticut Government, Dudley and Cornbury adopted the cause of Owaneco, the sachem of the Mohicans, who alleged that the colony had robbed him of some lands. The case is complicated; and it is by no means clear that Owaneco, who was a drunkard and a mere tool in the hands of the enemies of the colony, had been unfairly treated. Dudley, however, gained a temporary success; for the Privy Council overrode the Connecticut charter by appointing a Commission to decide on Owaneco's complaint, and made Dudley the head of it. His Commission, of course, declared that the colony was in the wrong, but its judgment was annulled soon afterwards by the Queen in Council, and a new Commission was appointed. The success of the colony was largely due to the exertions of its Agent, Sir Henry Ashurst, who details his proceedings with amusing self-complacency. He was anxious that the Governor and Council should understand how much they owed him. "There is none," he writes, "of my quality appears before them [the Court] with the name of an Agent, tho' I am willing to serve the Lord Christ in the meanest station." After the rebuff which Dudley received in the decision of the Council, he dropped his schemes against the Connecticut charter. The war dragged on, and was a terrible burden to Massachusetts. In 1707 Dudley determined to make a vigorous attempt to bring it to an end by attacking Acadia. Rhode Island sent a body of troops; and he applied to Connecticut for help, and was refused. The army appeared before Port Royal, and then retreated without effecting anything. When a party of the officers landed at Boston with the news of the failure of the expedition, they were mobbed by the women, "who saluted y<sup>m</sup> after this manner; 'Welcome, souldiers!' and presented y<sup>m</sup> a great wooden sword and said w<sup>th</sup> all, 'Fie for shame! I pull off those iron spitts w<sup>ch</sup> hang by yo<sup>r</sup> sides; for wooden ones is all y<sup>e</sup> fashion now,'" and further proposed to souse them in an unsavoury fashion. Several miscellaneous letters relating either to Fitz-John Winthrop or to Dudley are given in an appendix. Comparatively few notices of personal or social matters occur in the volume. It is curious to find that the death of William III. was still a matter of rumour in New York two months after it had taken place, and that the Boston shops were so badly supplied in 1706 that John Winthrop wrote to his uncle Fitz-John, "Here is no cloths y<sup>e</sup> are fit for a jacket and britches for yo<sup>r</sup> Hon<sup>r</sup>." This John married Dudley's daughter. While the match was under discussion his father, Wait Winthrop, wrote to Fitz-John:—"I should be loath to cross him [his son] if they will advance any-

thing considerable, and a way may be made for his settlement." Fitz-John replied by declaring in rather coarse terms his opinion that a man should prefer a wife with money, adding, however, that "it has been the way and custome of country for young folks to choose," and that "such variety of fancyes and inclinations happen in y<sup>e</sup> busines of matrimony, that 'tis best for every-body reasonably to oblige themselves." All this, however, was, he said, "stuff"; for the great point was to get the lad married, as, if he died without children, Lanthorne Hill would "returne to y<sup>e</sup> towne." The editors of the volume have done their work excellently; they have arranged the letters in the best possible order, and their footnotes supply the exact amount of information which is really needed to illustrate the text.

#### FROM JAPAN TO GRANADA.\*

**FROM** Japan to Granada "is not intended in any sense," its author assures us, "as a substitute for the guidebook"; nevertheless, he avowedly writes for the use of Americans when making the modern grand tour, which he advises them to do from East to West, because "thereby the traveller reaches Japan—the most entertaining country at present on the whole list—while yet fresh and full of zeal. Going the other way he reaches it when travel-worn, and perhaps already sated with sightseeing." With Japan, accordingly, he begins, and tells us all that there is to know about the history, geography, geology, and politics of Japan; and then proceeds on his way through China and Singapore, repeating the process at every halting-place. Hongkong, he informs his readers, "is an English colony, and occupies an island taken as a sort of indemnity for injuries inflicted upon the English while forcing the opium trade upon China." He gives an abstract of Chinese history from Confucius to "General Gordon, an English officer, whose life was afterwards sacrificed at Khartoum in Egypt [sic]." When in Jerusalem he gives us a *résumé* of the Old and New Testaments; when in Sicily he tells the story of Ulysses and the Cyclops, remarking that there is "a world of meaning in these ancient myths"; and throughout his book conscientiously combines amusement with instruction. The work would be invaluable to the personal conductor of a party through the countries which it deals with, or to any traveller who wishes for the character of a well-informed man, as he would only have to conceal the book from his companions, read up the different chapters as required, and retail the information contained in them as if he had known it all along. Encyclopædic as the work is, its style will prevent English readers from finding it dull, as its erudition is amusingly tempered by slang. We are grateful to Professor Chapin for allowing us two "I's" in "traveller," though otherwise he spells after the fashion of his country. He gravely informs us that "Reform moves slowly in China; but it is there, and has come to stay"; while we are assured that the vast population of China is not "factional," and is therefore capable of accomplishing great things. In his account of Singapore there is a story of a tiger and a gutta-percha bush exactly on the lines of Ole Brer Rabbit's deathless "Tar Baby." Of the Singapore native we read:—"High colors have an attraction when he affects some variety in costume; but these are among the luxuries, and not the necessities. The dry goods trade seldom profits largely by his presence. He can get along without much of anything that it provides." We have derived much pleasure from his account of how a "high-toned" Singhalese washes, combs, dries, and oils his locks; how the author was escorted to Palmyra by "four of the toughest-looking pirates we saw anywhere in Syria"; how in a Spanish bull-fight horses are gored to death by "the infuriated bovine"; and how in Tunis Moorish women appear "upon" the street in "bifurcated nether garments." When the author desires to express his admiration of the Sea of Genesareth, he calls it "an ideal sheet of water," which surely implies that it is not real. The following is a fair specimen of his style:—

Seville! the land of poetry and song, of mystery and romance, of music and the dance; the city of the gloomy Inquisition, the bandit, and the gypsy. Of what a medley of events has it been the scene and witness! We confess to some disappointment in the Grand Cathedral of Seville. We saw it, to be sure, at a disadvantage, for the interior was undergoing some repairs; but it had been overpraised—we were led to expect too much. The Alcazar, a Moorish palace, and the Giralda, or bell-tower [sic], well repay a visit, on account of the interior finish of the former, and the splendid view obtained from the summit of the latter. The tobacco factory is always pointed out as one of the places to be visited, on account of the great number of beautiful women employed there—we tried it, but it does not pay. Every enterprising traveller will improve the occasion to have a shave at the shop of the famous Barber of Seville, although neither the original character nor any of his descendants are there to-day.

If this be not an extract from a guidebook, the only difference that we can discover is that it does not give a list of hotels and cab fares. But, if we may not call it a guidebook, we may, at any rate, say that it contains much useful information for those who visit the countries which it describes, intermixed with moralizings of a kind which would have rejoiced the soul of Henri Monnier. And, if we disregard its didactic purpose, skip judiciously, and treat it merely as the unconventional record of a pleasant holiday, it is by no means bad reading.

\* *From Japan to Granada: Sketches of Observation and Inquiry in a Tour round the World in 1887-8.* By James Henry Chapin, Ph.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

## BOOKS ON PHILOSOPHY.\*

IT is impossible not to recognize the very marked ability displayed in Professor Veitch's new book, *Knowing and Being*. The author has devoted himself to an examination of the doctrines of the English Hegelians, especially as these were expounded by the late Professor Green, of Oxford. His treatment is conspicuously fair throughout, and he shows considerable power in seizing upon and analysing the more assailable parts of Green's work. Of course there are certain points which are sure to be called in question; but the Professor is evidently quite prepared for controversy, and, indeed, would probably be disappointed were no battle still to be fought. It is in this sense, at any rate, that we understand the numerous questions he asks, and the frequent use which he makes of the logical dilemma. From the very outset to the end his work is full of matter still constantly in dispute. In his introductory chapter there is a contrast between the ancient method as illustrated in Aristotle, and the modern as seen in Descartes. This is natural enough; but it may be pushed too far. The Greek thinker laid stress on the individual; but, for that matter, so did Descartes. At least the famous first principle of the latter might be shown to be equivalent to mere self-identity, from which nothing could necessarily be inferred. Descartes's process from the *Cogito, ergo sum* to any other reality—either God or the world—is not readily defensible. The real contrast between ancient and modern philosophy lies in the difference between their points of view and the questions which they ask. At an early stage after this we come to a line of thought in Dr. Veitch's book which will be found to influence the whole. He refers to "the abstractionism which dominates the whole of Neo-Kantianism; and adds, "It will be found in the treatment of abstractions as if they were realities; and holding that to be true of reality which is true only of an abstraction, and *e converso*, holding that to be false of reality which is not true of an abstraction." In pushing his argument further, he says:—"The eternal self only is if the eternal manifold is; the eternal manifold is if the eternal self is. The one in being the other is or makes itself the one; the other in being the one is or makes itself the other. This may be called a unity; it is rather, if we might invent a term suited to the new and marvellous conception, what may be designated an unparalleled and misbegotten twinity." Perhaps the author has not perceived that here he himself in his notion of "unity" is tending to that very abstractionism which he so much deprecates in his opponents. On p. 34, however, it is found that he makes a direct and full appeal to the facts of experience, as well as to our ordinary scientific, moral, and religious conceptions. These broad facts of experience, we learn, are recognized by M. Renouvier, who "has too large a share of the French logical habit and its general soundness of reflection to suppose that facts, otherwise doomed to disappearance on the principles of the system, could be saved by the metaphor of an Eternal Consciousness." It is when we come to the author's careful examination of this Eternal Consciousness, what it is supposed to be, what it is, and to what it leads, that we perceive the acuteness of much of his criticism. To Dr. Veitch it seems that "such a principle has not been shown to be necessary to ordinary perception or to any perception." What Green has proved is not the necessity of any eternal consciousness, but merely the continuous identity of a conscious subject. "The alternative to a conscious subject above time, yet doing work in time, is not a merely successive consciousness, or rather set of conscious impressions, got from an independent order of external phenomena; but the very different and not irrational conception of a conscious or spiritual subject, continuous in time, exercising a synthesis on an order of facts, for purposes of knowledge, yet rendering the conception of succession possible." Possibly certain of the Neo-Kantians would say that this is bringing us back to Kant's phenomenal ego, but it must be kept in mind that one of their strongest objections to Kant has ever been that he makes such an absolute distinction between the ego out of experience and the phenomenal self, which is the possible object of the observations of the inner sense. Thus they are no better off than they were before. They cannot prove the existence of their universal self-consciousness, and if they object to and travesty the ego given by an intelligent and intelligible realism, they are forced back beyond Kant to David Hume. It is no wonder, then, if the author writes that "the human consciousness we know has disappeared, and in its room we have an abstraction, not only unverified and unverifiable, but null through hopeless contradiction." Neither is it unreasonable in him to ask, "What guarantee have we that our time determinations are identical with the timeless determinations of the Eternal Consciousness? How do we know that the former even corre-

spond to the latter?" What are we to make of the possibility of intellectual mistake or moral error? A hundred questions of the same kind might be asked. And why, but because we are not dealing with any proved fact at all, but with what our author insists upon calling a "hypostatized abstraction"? Another point upon which he dwells with some success is the incompatibility between the notion of a conscious self and that of infinity. He points out that the universal indicated is purely logical—the common element in knowledge generalized, and that such a conception is unthinkable *per se*. If we are told that it never is, nor needs to be thought *per se*, we fall back at once upon Pantheistic idealism with all its hopeless results. So far from such an ego—the infinite or universal—being a power of creating us, "we are the power which creates it—first by abstraction, and then by imagination realizing the abstraction." Into the moral and religious results which Professor Veitch indicates as following from the Neo-Kantian system we prefer not to enter. It is easy enough to see what they must necessarily be. The annihilation of the individual destroys the notion of responsibility, if we look at the theory from one point of view; if we take the other, or atheistic standpoint, the result is exactly similar. Our want of space has prevented us from going into sufficient detail over this book. It will serve its purpose well if it induces students of metaphysics to be chary of too readily accepting a system which, however plausible at first sight, yields some startling results when subjected to careful logical analysis. It is likely to do some service in another direction by insisting upon the necessary distinction between logical and metaphysical truth. Its defence of certain well-known logical laws is quite satisfactory. In one sense it is a refusal to accept as contradictories what are only contraries, and to show that real logical contradictories are by their very nature mutually exclusive. There can be no passage or movement from the one to or into the other. The misconceptions on this subject are clearly stated.

There is a mass of good material in *Moral Order and Progress*, by Mr. S. Alexander, and this fact, along with others which may be noticed, make it a book more easy to read than to review. That is to say, there are so many matters calling for attention in it that a detailed notice would be much longer than our space will permit. Of the author's painstaking ability there can be no question. He labours—and with almost invariable success—to make every step clear as he goes along. At the outset we are met with a difficulty which it is not easy to overcome. His work is to be an examination, or, as the title-page has it, an "analysis of moral conceptions." There is to be no metaphysical foundation. Indeed, ethics is to throw light upon metaphysics when the analysis is concluded. When we go on to the body of the work, however, we find that this is scarcely the case. The author proceeds to build upon a metaphysical basis very well known indeed. Although he expresses his dissent from the "fundamental principles" of Mr. T. H. Green—of whom it seems that we cannot get rid in philosophical reviewing—it is practically to Green's influence that most of the book is due. Where Mr. Alexander departs from that his tendency is to compromise—a tendency generally unfavourable to good results. The other influence prominent in the book is that of Mr. Leslie Stephen. Its general feature is the application of the idea of evolution to ethics. At once, of course, there arises the question of the possibility of such application, and of its limits if any. Almost any author, however, may nowadays claim that evolution, if not—and it certainly is not—an established scientific fact, gives a very good idea to work with. If we ask why, we are apt to be told that it makes the explanation of things so much easier—an answer which is only in a measure satisfactory. What it is distinctly necessary to emphasize in the present day is that there is too much playing with *a priori* notions in fields wherein it is still questionable whether their employment is valid. The ideas of "law," "order," "process," "development," and so on, are perfectly familiar to us. That, however, is the very reason why the greatest care should be taken in their application. To take the case before us, is there not some difficulty attending the notion of a perpetually or eternally progressing moral ideal? "It is vain," says Mr. Alexander, "to map out a scheme of morality for all eternity"; and he classes the Christian notion of duty along with the Greek one of order and the Jewish one of obedience to the law. He does so at least to such an extent as to suggest that, save as being later in the course of development, it is as little likely to be permanent as they. That this is the logical outcome of his application of the evolution idea to ethics seems to us indisputable. It will be the question of the future for many of our young Oxonians, who have learnt of Green, how they are to reconcile these necessary results of his teaching with the claims, the beliefs, and the practice of their ordinary life. Mr. Alexander's "moral order" is an equilibrium somehow established between contending inclinations; his ideals mark each a pause before a step is made in the "moral progress," and that progress is to infinity. Although we are compelled thus briefly to sum up the results of his analysis and investigation, we would not detract in the slightest from the thoroughly interesting character of his book. At the same time it is hard to refrain from giving him the well-known grandmotherly admonition that he will know better in time. That our readers may judge of the point to which he comes, we quote, without comment, his closing sentences:—

I do not wish to wander out of the field of ethics proper; but two ques-

\* *Knowing and Being*. By John Veitch, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

*Moral Order and Progress: an Analysis of Ethical Conceptions*. By S. Alexander, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Trübner & Co. 1889.

*The Principles of Empirical or Inductive Logic*. By John Venn, Sc.D., F.R.S., Fellow and Lecturer in the Moral Sciences, Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

*Know Thyself; or, Psychology for the People*. By A. W. Holmes-Forbes, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.; London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1889.



tions, to which I shall not attempt to give an answer, may pertinently close the inquiry. The first is, Whether the difficulties in which Christianity as a religion is placed at the present day do not arise from the absorption of its highest idea into the conceptions and the practice of morality? When what was once the inspiring idea of a religion becomes part and parcel of the moral ideal, the religious sentiment proper is starved. The second question is, Whether the ideal of a free co-operation towards bettering the world in its outward movement may not be used to interpret the belief in immortality, putting in the place of a super-sensual existence the continuance of the life of every one in the persons whom he may affect by word or thought or deed? Like footsteps in a gallery, our lightest movements are heard along the ages. But to ask such a question is only a liberty which I allow myself at the conclusion of my task, partly because it illustrates how the results of ethics supply the data for metaphysical problems.

Dr. Venn's work on *Empirical Logic* is another of those bulky volumes which contain numerous—too numerous—passages calling for criticism, and which must be noticed either in a few sentences or in such detail as to make the review a treatise. Only certain points, therefore, can be mentioned. In the first place, there is the preponderating influence of mathematics, to which we must always object as more likely to hinder than to help study. John Stuart Mill managed to give popularity to Inductive Logic without the terminology, and certainly without the terrible illustrations, which his Cambridge disciples are too ready to employ. If the principles of that Logic cannot be understood except by those who are familiar with pure mathematics up to a certain point, then the Logic can have a merely partial success. People who write books to be read should remember that illustrations are meant—to illustrate. The terribly realistic tendency of these Inductive logicians leads them to waste space and time. Thus, if, instead of writing a page about "consists of parts" (pp. 484-5), the author had said that the difficulty rose from the confusion of infinite divisibility with infinite division, the one sentence would have been enough. The question it answers is much older than this kind of logic. Dr. Venn's chapters on Hypothetical and Disjunctive Judgments, on Classification, and on Induction are the most noteworthy. In the first named especially he introduces matter that may become the subject of discussion. When he comes to discuss the very old controversy between Mill and Hamilton, he manages to put the case into a nutshell:—"Whenever, if one may so put it, the individual facts are so close beneath that we may see them through the thin medium of the universal proposition, then I think Mill's account of the syllogistic process is the simplest and best." If Mill had been alive to-day, it is not such advocacy that would have kept him living. Dr. Venn, in his innocence, has surrendered the whole point. At another place (pp. 353 and 362) we find a curious appreciation and a strange misunderstanding of Whewell. The former is satisfactory, however it is modified. That Whewell overthrew Mill with Mill's own illustration is a matter of history. It is difficult to conceive, however, how the former would have been pleased with the following description of his "general concept":—"It partakes rather of the nature of such general characteristics as a sound judgment, desire to attain to the truth, accurate observing faculties, and so forth, than of such procedure as can be aided by technical rules." There is a temptation here to fall upon every clause, nay, every word almost, of Dr. Venn's sentence. It must serve us to say that, had Whewell been alive, Dr. Venn would have been had up for misunderstanding and misrepresentation. His book is, however, careful enough. The index might with advantage be extended, especially as to topics.

Here is a moment of relief—from Ireland, and worthy of Lover or Lever. It is an explanation of what Mr. Holmes-Forbes calls "the mental trinity":—

Take a highly unscientific, but popular, illustration. Grog consists of a mixture of water and whisky. I expect, therefore, to find three sets of qualities in grog: one set due to the water, another to the whisky, and another to the mixture of the two. Owing to the presence of whisky, I should expect to find the colour darker and the flavour stronger than water. Owing to the water, I should expect the colour lighter and the flavour weaker than whisky; and, owing to the whisky and water being mixed, I should expect to be able to drink a certain quantity of it—more than I could of pure whisky, but less than I could of pure water.

When we reach p. 35 we come to the suggestive statement (in connexion with "The Chemistry of Conduct"), "Presently I am aware of being thirsty," and a little further on, "I then go and satisfy my thirst. Let us now try if we can discover the various Elements in these different states of mind." O happy author, and happier illustrations! What stories do you not recall from "Father Tom and the Pope" downwards! But think of our author's admitting that "I am too comfortable to get up and go for a drink"—he must have been comfortable indeed—"or even to ring the bell." Quite right not to make the latter attempt. But why then, asks the reviewer, write *Know Thyself; or, Psychology for the People*? It is to be laughed at in any case; and Mr. A. W. Holmes-Forbes, M.A., may be gratified by the assurance that his tract is infinitely more readable than the majority of philosophical treatises.

#### ORIENTAL ARCHEOLOGY.\*

MR. EVETTS'S preface to his translation of M. Babelon's little handbook, though short, contains a very clear and useful statement of the true facts relating to ancient art throughout the Euphrates Valley, Phœnicia, Judæa, and part of Asia Minor. He

\* *Manual of Oriental Antiquities.* By Ernest Babelon. Translated and enlarged by B. T. A. Evetts, M.A. London: Grevel.

points out the real unity existing in the art of these very different countries, which makes it convenient and instructive to treat the subject in one volume, thus giving, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the subject-matter, which usually is dealt with in many separate and often bulky volumes. The marked characteristic of the art of this part of the Oriental world is its compound nature, grown out of the blending of Egyptian forms and ideas with those of the Chaldeo-Assyrian people. Mr. Evetts writes:—

It may be said that, properly speaking, there is no Persian art, or Hittite art, or Jewish art, or Phœnician or Carthaginian art; everywhere we find the forms of Egypt or those of Assyria grouped, mixed, perhaps altered, in proportions which vary according to time, environment, and political conditions.

The main difference is this. When a race naturally skilful in handicraft, like the Phœnicians, adapts the blended forms of Assyria and Egypt, a very graceful and almost original style of design is evolved; as, for example, in the famous Phœnician metal bowls, enriched with *repoussé* and engraved designs, which passed in the course of trade over a very wide area, and were eagerly bought up by the inhabitants of many different countries. Though no single part of the design in these bowls is Phœnician, yet the general arrangement of the whole is due to the skilful metal-workers of Tyre or Sidon; and a more perfect artistic result is gained than would have been possible in the hands of either an Egyptian or Assyrian artist. On the other hand, when the Assyro-Egyptian forms are used by the artistically coarser and less skilful Jew or Hittite, the result is semi-barbarous in effect and very inferior in every way to the productions of Egypt or Assyria. Still in both cases, whether raised to a higher standard or debased into barbarism, the same double thread of stylistic influence may be traced running all through the varied web of Oriental art; and the unity of this combined influence forms the link which binds together the various subjects of M. Babelon's manual. In a handbook of this sort it would be unreasonable to expect original or novel matter; and thus the author's work has consisted mainly in making compact abstracts of what has been already published by Perrot and Chipiez, Loftus, Dieulafoy, and other writers on separate branches of this wide field of research.

A book which consists almost wholly of such extracts from previous authorities is specially liable to contain blunders. Some of these have been corrected by the care of the translator, but others still require correction. M. Babelon reproduces General Cesnola's statements as to the form and size of the Phœnician temple of Aphrodite at Paphos, though the English exploration in Cyprus during last year showed the utterly misleading character of Cesnola's plan, and other important portions of his work on Cyprus. The woodcut at p. 252, which really represents a conjectural restoration of the fortification wall of Thapsus, is wrongly described as being "the jetty," or sea pier. Some of the most obvious slips are apparently due to the translator, as, for example, the mention of "the burin and puncheon" among the tools of the gem-engraver (p. 45); "varnish" as a synonym for a vitreous glaze (pp. 118 and 284); "portico" instead of "porticus," which is a very different thing; and "ogival," used in the French sense as meaning a pointed arch, whereas in English its meaning is quite different, denoting an arched form composed of two curves, the one flowing out of the other. M. Babelon is wrong in his statement that the domical form of vault, still so popular among Oriental nations, is similar in principle to that of the so-called "corbelled vaulting"—used, for example, in the great "beehive" tombs of Mycenæ and Orchomenus. The Oriental dome really is built on the true arch principle; but the reason why a domical vault is easier to build than a continuous or "barrel vault" is that a dome is made up of arches in *plan* as well as in *section*, and therefore, when each course of the dome is carried all round, it no longer needs any support in the form of centering, because the moment each ring of masonry is complete it is self-supporting. It was by making use of this peculiarity of the dome that the great Florentine architect, Brunelleschi, was able to construct the immense cupola of the cathedral of Florence. His rivals tried in vain to devise a system of wooden or other centering of sufficient height and strength to carry the weight of the great dome during its construction. But Brunelleschi solved the difficulty by having bricks moulded with a sort of hook, sufficient to hold the brick in its place till the ring of which it formed a part was finished—a matter of a few hours only at most. As soon as each course was finished the hooks were no longer needed, and thus in the most easy and simple way possible the magnificent Florentine cupola was erected without the use of any kind of centering.

One of the most interesting portions of M. Babelon's handbook is his brief account of the recent excavations made in the palace of the Persian king at Susa by M. Dieulafoy. The most striking discovery was that of a large wall-frieze, formed of bricks, moulded in relief with figures of Persian archers, nearly life-size, and richly decorated with colours in translucent vitreous enamel. Fine examples of this magnificent system of mural decoration, used by the Persians at the end of the sixth century B.C., have been safely transferred to the museum of the Louvre. The dress and arms of these archers—their twisted turbans, golden ornaments, and silver-knobbed spears—show, from the description of Herodotus (VII. 83), that they are members of the Persian royal guard, "the ten thousand immortals who formed the escort of the king of kings."

The palaces of Persepolis and Susa are of great architectural

interest from their close connexion with the earliest development of the Greek Ionic style. The capitals of the columns are specially curious and elaborate, with a lower bell-shaped stage evidently copied from Egyptian forms; and above this, immediately supporting the architrave, are half figures of bulls, projecting far beyond the shaft of the column so as to diminish the span of the intercolumniation. This design, with the forefront of bulls, is reproduced on a minute scale in an exquisitely beautiful gold votive pin, which was found last year during the exploration of the Temple of Aphrodite at Paphos, and is now in the British Museum. The head of this wonderful piece of goldsmith's work is formed like the capital of a column, and is surmounted by a very large pearl; on the shaft of the pin is the dedicatory inscription to the Cyprian goddess. Unfortunately in his description of this remarkable object, Mr. E. A. Gardner has failed to see the connexion between the design of the pin and the Persian capitals, and wrongly calls the animals "goats" instead of bulls. He also calls the pearl "a bead of Egyptian porcelain," and commits other errors of description, which a very small amount of care would easily have avoided.

M. Babelon gives an interesting account of the customs connected with the founding of a Chaldean temple or palace. An inscribed cylinder was deposited in a hollow formed in the foundations; on it was recorded the dedication of the building and the name and titles of the reigning king. If a subsequent king wished to rebuild or restore the structure, it was thought necessary for him, first of all, to find the original foundation cylinder; when this was done, he replaced it in a fresh hiding-place, together with a new cylinder recording his own name and achievements, including a statement as to the rebuilding of the temple. The deposits made in the foundations of ancient buildings are in many cases of very special interest, and should always be carefully sought for in future explorations. Those found by Mr. Petrie at Naukratis, under the four corners of a Ptolemaic building (now in the British Museum), consist of a most beautiful miniature set of all the tools used by the various craftsmen—masons, carpenters, and the like—who worked on the building, and little specimens of all the materials used for construction or decoration, varying from a miniature brick down to a slip of gold plate and a bit of lapis lazuli.

The illustrations in this manual are mostly much reduced copies of woodcuts from larger works; they are numerous and well selected, but their value is very seriously diminished by the absence of any scale or other indication of the size of the objects represented—unfortunately a not uncommon fault in books of this kind.

#### TWO EPOCHS OF CHURCH HISTORY.\*

THE two volumes of Canon Creighton's useful series of monographs in Church history, which have appeared almost simultaneously, have something more than a mere series-connexion. Professor Ward has had to deal with the reaction which succeeded the Reformation, Mr. Poole with the inchoate and unsuccessful tentatives which led up to it. The comparison, if fortuitous, is not uninteresting; if designed it is decidedly instructive.

Neither book is quite free or can be expected to be quite free from the drawbacks which are incumbent on most such books. Your "epoch" is but an unmanageable beast at his best. He refuses to be born and to die, to have a title-page and a colophon, in the convenient and sharp manner of a man or a book. But we are inclined to think that both the epochs before us are rather more manageable than usual. As usual, however, the chief difficulty is towards the latter end. Mr. Poole has not quite given us—could not perhaps quite have given us in any space possible to him—a sharply marked antepenultimate for the great transformation scene in which the Lateran Council dissolves into Luther; and Mr. Ward frankly acknowledges that his own subject is rather merged in the Thirty Years' War than definitely terminated at the end or any precedent phase of that war. Both, again, have the other drawback—that they perforce touch, and touch very briefly, on a vast number of things which the average person knows very little about, knows perhaps even less about than the tolerably well-instructed historical scholar gives him credit for knowing. But this, again, is inevitable.

Mr. Ward's subject, except for the difficulty of ending it definitely, is one of the most definite and attractive that a carver of Church history into pieces could desire. It has, indeed, been anticipated by a famous book, Ranke's *Popes*, and by an almost equally famous essay, that of Macaulay on Ranke, in which the essayist was often at his best and seldom at his worst. But there was quite room for a middle term of this kind in a generation where middle terms of this kind appear to be extensively sought for. All who know Mr. Ward's work in history and literature will be prepared to hear that this example of it is a most scholarly and well-proportioned summary (in parts necessarily fleeting over rather than dwelling on the subject, but never passing from fleeting into shirking) of the incidents of the reaction throughout Europe. And as far as the actual history goes we need hardly say any more than this. The attempt, fruitful at

least for the Roman Church, if not for Italy itself, to make a counter-movement of personal piety in Italy against the laxity of the Renaissance, the foundation of the great Jesuit Order, the supremacy of the Inquisition in Spain, the Council of Trent, the political alliances which helped the restoration of Roman influence—all these things are sketched by Mr. Ward with abundant knowledge and with a hand firm, if sometimes a little austere, in its refusal to condescend to human weakness for anecdote and illustration. We do not greatly regret this austerity, and, indeed, books on this scale hardly admit of such condescension. There is another human weakness, however, to which we could have desired a little more inclination. Mr. Ward's summing up of by far the most important part of his subject, the effect of the Council of Trent, is excellently stated, and worth quotation:—

The doctrinal system of the Church of Rome was now enduringly fixed; the area which the Church had lost she could henceforth only recover if she reconquered it. Many attempts at reunion by compromise have since been made from the Protestant side, and some of these have perhaps been met half-way by the generous wishes of not a few Catholics; but the Council of Trent has doomed all these projects to inevitable sterility. The gain of the Church of Rome from her acquisition at Trent of a clearly and sharply defined "body of doctrine" is not open to dispute, except from a point of view which her doctors have steadily repudiated. And it is difficult to suppose but that, in her conflict with the spirit of criticism which from the first in some measure animated the Protestant Reformation and afterwards urged it far beyond its original scope, the Church of Rome must have proved an unequal combatant, had not the Council of Trent renewed the foundations of the authority claimed by herself and of that claimed by her head on earth.

This is well put, as is the whole of the passage from which we have unwillingly severed it. But we think that it wants a certain buttressing with argument, which five or ten pages could have given. For ourselves, indeed, we could not accept it without very considerable qualifications. That a certain "stiffening of the backbone" followed on the hard-and-fast doctrinal Tridentine decisions cannot be denied. That this rather late and arbitrary crystallization of the *quod semper, quod ubique*, may have even tempted the Protestant Churches and sects into those capricious variations with which they have been charged, and may have thus strengthened the hold of the Church of Rome on a certain class of mind, is possible. But what we should like Mr. Ward to have argued out is this—Did not the Tridentine crystallization, even if it had not been accompanied by a declared fluidity on points of "discipline and reformation," permanently weaken the logical claim of Rome on Christian obedience generally? Was it not a stimulant rather than a nutritive? For observe, Trent, as Mr. Ward says, fixed a clearly and sharply defined body of doctrine. But unluckily the events by which this clearly and sharply defined body of doctrine was arrived at were such as no one not previously prejudiced can consider without regarding the result as worthless. The delegates assembled notoriously did not represent the Christian world with anything approaching to completeness or proportion. To begin with, and placed as the Assembly was, it is equally notorious that it was again and again on the cards that decision on the most important points, not only of discipline, but of doctrine, might have been exactly the reverse of what it was. Yet again, if the clearly and sharply defined body of doctrine has enabled Rome to hold her own, has it not definitely prevented her from recovering what at the time was not her own? Mr. Ward himself admits that successive *Eirenica* have been doomed to inevitable sterility by the Council of Trent. That is all very well for any one who thinks that sooner or later all non-Roman Christian bodies must surrender at discretion to Rome. But we do not suppose that Mr. Ward thinks this, and we are quite sure that we do not. Meanwhile the *non possumus* of Trent has notoriously exposed not merely Protestant but Catholic countries to the advance of the common enemy. A Bossuet who should write to-day would be met with a victorious "Look at home, and see how many of your own thinking men in your own Catholic countries believe in Catholicism!" And that this result is due first of all to Tridentine unyieldingness, coupled with Jesuit laxity, we cannot conceive any one denying. At any rate, if Mr. Ward denies it, it would be interesting to see his arguments.

Mr. Poole's book in a manner, but not with exact precision, follows on Count Balzani's *Hohenstaufen*, though, as the changed times require, it is more theological. It takes up the extraordinarily interesting subject of the scholastic Ghibellinism of Marsilius of Padua and William of Occam; it deals with the "Babylonish captivity" and the great schism; after discussing Wyclif it gives an account of the Hussite affair and the Council of Constance, and it ends, as we have hinted above, in sight of, if not actually in, the Reformation proper, of which the editor of the series is to give account. Mr. Poole apologizes for the difficulties in finally revising his work which illness has occasioned, but he need not have done so. We have noted some points on which we differ with him in opinion; but none in which he seems to have gone seriously wrong as to fact. And the only thing in either region that we feel a difficulty in forgiving him for is his writing "Estates General" instead of "States," which has been consecrated by generations of better writers than either he or we can pretend to be. This is the kind of thing for which we own we have no patience, precisely because it does not matter, intrinsically speaking, the scale of a herring whether a man writes estates or states. For that very reason it is the merest and the most unworthy pedantry to differ from common practice.

Mr. Poole's book is well worth reading through, and (we have

\* *Epochs of Church History*. Edited by Professor Creighton. *The Counter Reformation*. By A. W. Ward. *Wyclif and the Beginnings of the Reformation*. By R. L. Poole. London: Longmans. 1889.



before now pointed out that this is the principal function of books of this kind) it will perform the double function of gathering up usefully the probably rather sparse and uncoordinated knowledge of well-educated people on its subject, and that of stirring up people less well educated to inform themselves on the points where they are deficient. To mere beginners, to the merely ignorant, we do not know that it will do much good, but that is an inseparable accident of "little books." The account of Wyclif and of Lollardism is quite the best that we have seen in a small compass. On the great argumentative point of his history—the question whether any effort during this period could have averted the Reformation—Mr. Poole is, however, even more vague than Mr. Ward is on the other point which we have noted. He expresses here and there an opinion that it might have done so; but that is all. Here, too, we should have liked a little more argument, which, after all, is the soul of history—facts being only its vile body. And on one or two minor points we should rather like to join issue with Mr. Poole. His argument about the safe-conduct of Huss, though we believe that it has received good countenance of late, and though we are not generally inclined to fall foul of defences of mediæval authority, strikes us, we confess, as rather rotten. Mr. Poole doubts whether Sigismund was aware of the usage which placed a spiritual offender wholly beyond the protection of any lay authority; and he says that it has been well-pointed out that Germany, and especially Bohemia, knew little about the rules of the Inquisition. The reasonable conclusion would be that the rules of the Inquisition could not bind Germany and Bohemia, and that Sigismund's ignorance could not damnify Huss. It is well to give every possible latitude of apology to men whom sectarian bigotry has treated so unjustly as it has treated Inquisitors. But that the execution of Huss was *ultra vires* on the part of the Council, and that its permission was a gross breach of faith on Sigismund's part, we make no doubt whatever.

Another point in which Mr. Poole seems to us to have a little mistaken things is his exaltation of Marsilius over Occam. He thinks the Englishman "on a lower level" than the Italian. This, we think, can only be granted by a critic who is ready to allow that deduction *à perte de vue*, in the well-known Italian, or rather French, style, is a higher exercise of intellect than the guarded logic of English philosophers. By Mr. Poole's own confession the great English logician saw all sides of the political question as it practically presents itself, while he also grants that Marsilius is a "doctrinaire"; nor does there appear to us to be in Marsilius anything so original for the day (his political and ecclesiastical notions generally being mere Christian democracy) as Occam's hint (we quote Mr. Poole himself) that "it might be better to have several popes and several sovereigns." That is the Anglican position anticipated by two centuries. On this point, however, there is room for much difference of opinion; there is room for little on the point that we have here two good books of their kind. We frankly think that, if each could have been three times its length, it would have been a much better book; but this, until philosophers are publishers or publishers philosophers, is a kind of thing probably not to be expected in any dispensation of book-producing.

#### THE MERCHANT TAYLORS.\*

THE members of City Companies who undertake to write their histories will perhaps have arrived at a clear conception of the task before them by the time the Companies have ceased to exist. We had occasion to make some such remark recently when reviewing a history of the Artillery Company. The historians criticized were very indignant, although our comments were wholly based on the documents they themselves placed before us. One ingenious gentleman contradicted our principal statement in a letter, or letters, to the *Times*, and "proved" the validity of his contradiction by simply re-iterating the views which we, only too easily, from his own book, had shown to be untenable. This is not controversy, or we should have endeavoured to rejoin. Another gentleman wrote a long and somewhat indignant letter to a literary contemporary to prove that a guild of St. George existed in the reign of Henry VIII.—a fact we never for a moment doubted. The gentleman's warmth remains unexplained. That there was a Guild of St. George, and also a Guild of St. John the Baptist, and many another London City guild existing in the reign of Henry VIII. is as certain as that they were, one and all, abolished by Act of Parliament in 1552. Mr. Clode in the volume before us falls into precisely the same groove that, so far as we are aware, every historian of a City Company has fallen into before him. He has not the slightest inkling that there is any difference between a Guild and a Company. He quotes Sir Francis Palgrave's opinion that a guild implied a patron saint, but wholly misses the significance of such an expression. A guild certainly implied a patron saint. A Company as certainly did not. A Company might administer the estates and charities of one or more guilds. In 1552 Companies were sharply reminded that their own estates and those of the guilds in their hands were not one and the same; and no Company felt the abolition of guilds more severely than that of the Taylors; but abolished they were,

and, moreover, made illegal, so that, as we have had occasion to observe more than once, the modern City Company which ventures to call itself a guild puts its possessions, if not its very existence, in jeopardy. Mr. Clode is careful, perhaps unconsciously, not to fall into this mistake. We say "perhaps unconsciously," because we observe that, to prove some point about guilds, he quotes the words of a Venetian ambassador who wrote in 1551. The Venetian ambassador does not say a word about guilds—at least so far as Mr. Clode quotes him—but speaks of "Companies and Fraternities"; and, as a fact, he must have known that the guilds were doomed, though the formal Act was not passed till the following year.

Mr. Clode is not too well equipped for the task he has undertaken. His authorities are meagre. He knows of nothing earlier than Stow—whom he cites as "Stowe"—and nothing later than the works of the late Mr. Riley. He is evidently quite unaware that the publications of Mr. Riley led to investigations which have opened up the whole history of the City back almost to the time of the Conquest, and that many archeologists—some of them, it must be confessed, not very trustworthy as authorities—have been at work. The word "early" on his title-page, therefore, will cause the reader a disappointment.

The whole question as to the origin of the Taylors might, in competent hands, lead to very interesting results for any one who wishes to clear up the causes of the suppression of the old Weavers' Guild, and the gradual establishment on its ruins of such a Company as this of the Taylors, or of the Clothworkers, or of the Fullers, or of half a dozen more. There would be something of the romance of history in showing by what a narrow margin the municipality won in its contest with the Weavers; how entirely subversive would have been their victory; the analogy of other cities, such as Exeter and Bristol, where similar contests took place; and, finally, some kind of skilled opinion on the etymology of such words as *telarius* and tailor. Undoubtedly the nascent liberties of London encountered great peril at the very outset from the position, wealth, influence, and insolent bearing of these *Telarii* or Weavers. The City magnates must have felt very strong in the position in which they had been placed by Henry II.; for that King had highly favoured the turbulent Weavers, and allowed them to overrule the decisions of the Aldermen or Merchant Guild, whatever it may have been at the time. In the reign of John money determined matters of this kind; and, no doubt, the voices of the Weavers were deeper than their purses and their heads more numerous than their gold marks. The whole transaction—about which, in truth, very little is known—might yet, if investigated in the modern scientific spirit, yield some interesting and profitable results both in municipal and in mercantile history. A late lamented City magnate, himself a member of the modern Weavers' Company, was of opinion that the *Telarii* never were suppressed, but eventually became the Weavers' Company—an opinion which could only be held in the teeth of the few ascertained facts. In the reign of Henry II. the Weavers are the largest and richest community in the City, outnumbering evidently all the other guilds put together, but not so wealthy as the comparatively small body of aristocratic land-owning Aldermen who formed the governing body. Pass on a few years, and this numerous guild is invisible. We never hear of them under Henry III. They have either disappeared or dispersed; but this is precisely what we want to know about them. Were they utterly suppressed, or did they break up, as has sometimes been surmised, into *Tilarii* proper, or Tailors, and Clothworkers, and Fullers, and Dyers, and so forth? This is the kind of question we expect to see discussed when we take up such a work as Mr. Clode's; and it is just as well to inform an intending reader that there is not one word on the subject in this handsome volume. We have had more than one contest with members of the Weavers' Company, founded by Edward I., and re-founded by Queen Elizabeth. They claim to represent the old Weavers' Guild, and rightly in so far that in their first charter that guild is named; but, meanwhile, the questions remain unanswered, Was the guild suppressed or broken up in the reign of King John? and, if it still existed, how is it that we hear no more of it during the rest of the reign of John and during the long reign of Henry III.? Supposing the establishment of, say, the Church of England in London, or any other religious body containing a majority of the inhabitants, to be suddenly discountenanced by the authorities, and supposing we came seventy years later, and found no original body, calling itself the Church, remaining, what would be the inference? And if we found instead a large number of smaller bodies still existing, and calling themselves by the names which used to be those of parties in the disrupted Church, should we not be justified in considering that the establishment had been broken up, and resolved itself into its constituent parts? We may go even further, and allow that the remnant who came before Edward I., and were restored as members of the Weavers' Company, were really old Weavers who had remained steadfast amid the wreck. The inexorable requirements of chronology, however, almost, if not quite, upset this possibility. The Weavers were suppressed or broken up in the reign of King John, therefore, before 1216, when Henry III. succeeded. Henry reigned, as is well known, longer than any other English monarch, except George III. It is but reasonable to suppose that none of the old Weavers survived; and it is possible that the Tailors, in taking that name, thought they were setting up, not only a claim, but, as in modern

\* *The Early History of the Merchant Taylors' Company.* By C. M. Clode. London: Harrison.

cases, the proof of a claim, to represent directly the ancient *Telarii*. All these questions, and others like them, we should expect to see discussed by Mr. Clode, the more so as he, in the language of a City toastmaster, "couples" with the name of his Company that of the "Fraternity of St. John the Baptist."

We may briefly indicate the contents of his volume, which will probably be warmly welcomed by members of the Merchant Taylors' Company, as setting forth in order the long tale of their successive triumphs and the list of their most distinguished members. It begins with an introduction, which we have sufficiently characterized. This is followed by a chapter on the government of London, in which there are some interesting notes on the place and precedence of the Lord Mayor, the career of Sir John Percyvale being taken as typical, he having been the first Merchant Taylor to rise to the highest civic dignity. Mr. Clode's style is sometimes a little confusing; and he goes backwards and forwards in dates without much regard to exact sequence. His remarks on the Act of 11 George II., by which elections to the mayoralty are regulated, seem to be founded on a gratuitous assumption. There was probably no Act on the subject in 1475. Mr. Clode's second chapter relates to "The Government of a London Guild," and we have all about courts of assistants, and bedels, and wardens, and liverymen, and so forth. The next chapter relates to the "Bachelor, or Yeoman Company of Taylors," an early branch or division of the main society, eventually united with it. Then follow some not very clearly arranged notes on the interference of the Star Chamber with the guild in the reign of Henry VIII., followed by an account of the Hall and its contents—a chapter in which there is much valuable information as to furniture, plate, tapestry, and other articles, and as to the fabric of the Hall itself, of which, by the way, there is no very distinct description. It seems to have been injured but not destroyed in the Great Fire. Chapter VI. relates in great part to the religious aspects of guild life, and the disposal by the Taylors of their charitable funds before the Reformation. The next is devoted to their secular affairs, and we observe that Mr. Clode uses the terms "guild" and "Company" as synonymous. Chapter VIII. tells us of the influence upon the Company of the Act of Edward VI. abolishing obits and seizing the estates of religious guilds. The Merchant Taylors suffered severely under this Act, having to sell some of their other estates in order to buy these "rents," paying no less than 19,000*l.*, an enormous sum in those days.

The rest of the volume, of which this is the most valuable chapter, is taken up with the later history of the Company down to the year 1613, and includes a good deal of little importance about banquets to James I., and some notes on the plantation of Ulster, and the Irish estates of the Taylors. Mr. Clode is hardly a writer at whose hands we could expect an index, but the table of contents is very full and clear. Among the curiosities in the appendix we observe Robert Dowes's ordinances as to prayers for prisoners going to execution, a subject more fully treated of here than in any other book with which we are acquainted.

#### CHRONICLES OF GLENBUCKIE.\*

THE *Chronicles of Glenbuckie* naturally challenges comparison with Galt's *Annals of the Parish*, and when we say that it scarcely suffers by the comparison, we have said very much in its favour. The scenes of both are laid in Ayrshire, a county which was one of the strongholds of the dour Cameronian Whigs, where the seed sown by the field-preachers of the "persecuted remnant" was watered by the tears of the "hill-folk" and the blood of the martyrs. Indeed the one book may be considered the sequel of the other, for Mr. Johnston must have had Galt's *Annals* in his mind, and Mr. Balwhidder's ministerial labours were brought to an end in 1810. Mr. Johnston begins his parochial record with the commencement of a new era. Though his minister laboured in a seaward parish, we hear nothing of the daring proceedings of the smugglers, who found friends and customers, not only among the ungodly and profane, but among the most outwardly respectable of eminent church professors. Smuggling had ceased to pay; there was no longer any scope for the energies of a Frank Kennedy, and the Ellangowans had to buy their tea and brandy from the tradesmen in the neighbouring towns. But, though the natives had one stumbling-block removed out of the way, although the more adventurous of them had to renounce short cuts to competence, they remained essentially the same in their strange inconsistencies. We cannot say that Mr. Johnston flatters his countrymen. He represents them as striving to make the best of both worlds, and, nevertheless, as setting about it in a shortsighted way. They were far "owar canny" to speculate; and, conservative in their agricultural practice, if in nothing else, held back from all forms of modern progress. They were profoundly ignorant on these matters, nor did they care to be enlightened. They had been brought up to "keep a good grip on the gear"; the best-to-do were extremely simple and frugal in their habits; they were parsimonious even in their mild recreations; grasping and often pinching, they gathered money by saving and scraping. We do not think that Mr. Johnston intends it, but he seems to place them in unnecessarily unpleasant lights. But, although that strikes us as

the general tone and tenor of the *Chronicles*, it is only fair to remember that he makes exceptions. There is the poor mole-catcher, with his unorthodox views as to hell, who adopts the abandoned infant he has picked up in his peregrinations about the fields. There is the little Radical tailor, with his eye on his neighbour's farm, which he proposes to appropriate when society is reconstituted, who makes a disinterested offer of marriage to the outcast he has rescued from a life of infamy. There is the honest elder, who rises to a sublime height of self-sacrifice which startles the parish in resigning the fortune which has been legitimately bequeathed to him. There is the minister himself, who, on the whole, is a very decent body, living up to the limits of his modest stipend, and sorely exercised when his over-zealous young wife has scruples as to the propriety of giving toddy to their guests. Above all, his own sympathies being evidently Evangelical, Mr. Johnston directs attention to the magnificent and sustained burst of enthusiasm which covered Scotland with the churches of the Secession and liberally endowed the clergy who were to fill the pulpits.

Perhaps Mr. Johnston may fairly urge that he shows sterling worth under unpleasing exteriors. He writes of the times before and after the passing of the Reform Bill, and when the political and religious sentiments of the middle and lower orders were being stirred to their depths previous to the disruption. The worthy Mr. McWhinnie, though he had been born among them and bred to his responsibilities, found his parishioners a very difficult lot to deal with. Their life and conversation were continually clashing with their exalted professions. They glibly interpolated Scriptural quotation in their talk, but regarded getting drunk, especially when a neighbour stood treat, as merely a venial case of backsliding. They seldom troubled their heads about new-fangled machinery or manures, but never tired of the ecclesiastical and political controversies, in which they showed considerably more zeal than knowledge. The minister, who was moderate in his views, and appreciated the snug temporalities of manse, glebe, and teinds, had a hard time of it when things were tending towards the disruption. Yet the very people who had been making themselves so unpleasant—who had been cackling and quarrelling in Nance Tannock's changehouse, proved when the great Secession at last came off that their religious earnestness had a real and genuine root. Had they chosen to remain in the establishment, like the hypocritical Mr. Dickie, they need never have put a hand in their pockets. Electing to unite themselves to the newly-constituted Church, they committed themselves to a course of annual subsidies, and Mr. Johnston describes with much power and feeling the struggle between principle and avarice. As in Galt's *Annals*, there is a suggestive mingling of pathos and quiet fun, of dry humour with constitutional pragmatism and priggishness. Solemn professors who shrink from popular forms of vice or dissipation indulge openly in the raw spirits and hot toddy which are tolerated by immemorial tradition and the consensus of public sympathy. They make fun in the way of jest with biblical quotations, sometimes carrying it almost to the verge of profanity. The Pharisees of the straiter sect grin, chuckle, and pretend to protest. Like Galt, Mr. Johnston gives a series of graphic sketches of typical Scottish characters. There is Mr. McWhinnie, the minister, a self-made man, educated for the work from early youth, though he had wheeled a collier's barrow in earlier boyhood, but with fewer of the clerical gifts than even Galt's Mr. Balwhidder, who had been forced by a patron upon a reluctant parish. But McWhinnie, who is a good man at bottom, settles down into the regular clerical grooves, grinding steadily along in them *tant bien que mal*. Could he have struck sympathetic chords in the bosoms of his flock he would not have been boycotted when there was fever in the manse, nor would he have been left almost alone in his kirk at the disruption. McWhinnie is something of a time-server, as he shows when he goes to dine with the great peer of the neighbourhood and delivers a solemn speech after dinner, which, though decidedly out of season when the decanters are going round, recommends itself strongly to the host and the great "heritors" or landowners. If he is somewhat ashamed of his highly respectable mother, who had sacrificed herself to meet the expenses of his college education, we can understand if we cannot excuse his conduct. The old lady, smarting under the sense of offence, aggressively susceptible to the indignities she is looking out for, is capitably and truthfully drawn when she drops down on the manse for a visit. Her son has married above his station; and the young wife, who has brought her husband a comfortable dowry, is anxious to show all respect to her mother-in-law. She takes the impracticable old woman's face between her hands, and affectionately kisses it. We should have fancied that might have won the old lady's heart; but not a bit of it; long-cherished Scotch prepossessions are not to be so lightly overcome. "Did ever anybody see the like of that?" was the mother-in-law's mental remark. "The bold piece, to kiss a woman she had never seen in her life before! Poor Robin, that had been the way he was taken in!" Consequently she proceeds to make things pleasant by scornfully rejecting a hospitably proffered cup of tea, and insisting on being served with the vulgar "dram," which she rather dislikes than otherwise. There is William Dickie, the hypocritical elder, always true to himself and true to his mean and sneaking nature. "Canny wi' the word, Robert," he exclaims in Nance Tannock's changehouse, when Robert Simpson, a brother elder, remarks, *à propos* to the minister's going beyond the parish for

\* *Chronicles of Glenbuckie*. By Henry Johnston, Author of "The Dawson's of Glenara" &c. Edinburgh: D. Douglas. 1889.



a wife, that "one shall be taken and another left." William is grand in doctrine in ordinary times, when mere abstract questions of faith and practice are under discussion. But he shows a marvellous ingenuity of sophistry and casuistry when, in the face of the general secession of his fellow parishioners, he decides on clinging to the loaves and cheap fishes of the establishment. He rallies to the Rev. Mr. McWhinnie like a man, though he has repeatedly reproached him in less anxious times for moderation and Laodicean lukewarmness. Nance Tannock, the alewife, herself has sound views of the responsibilities of a devout Christian who finds herself the keeper of a changehouse. One of her jovial customers praises the drink. "Deed, an' ye may say that," said the hostess. "It ill becomes a Christian woman, let abee a lone widow like me, to sell bad drink. There's no profit in it for either saul or body—for to hear the oaths and ill words that come out o' simple folks' heads after drinking that coarse whisky is an offence to common decency." Considering the saintly lives they professed to lead, and the fervour with which they denounced those sins which did not specially beset them, the people of Glenbuckie had a strange shrinking from death and sickness. We have already mentioned how the manse and the minister were shunned when there was infection within his doors. There is a still more striking example of that timid selfishness. The miserly old laird of Girtle lies dangerously ill, and the doctor has declared the disease to be fever. His sister, who should be as tough as the most venerable fowl in the parish, is in mortal terror of contagion. But, of course, she has expectations from the dying man, who may have strength to change his will if he feels neglected, and she has a certain regard for parochial opinion. An original idea in the way of compromise suggests itself on the spur of the moment, and she forthwith proceeds to carry it out. She says to her old servant and gossip, after some cogitation:—"I ken what I'll do. I ken what I'll do. I'll put a glass lozen in the door if he turns dangerously ill, and we can tak' turn about in watching. It'll no look so unnatural, and it maunna be said that his ain sister didna watch owre him in his last illness, if it should so happen to be his last." In the way of the broadest of broad comedy there is an excellent picture of rustic courtship, where the dullest of louts, without an idea in his sluggish brain, is driven to the most dismal straits for conversation; while shyness holds him back from those more direct forms of wooing in which he would be much more likely to shine. Altogether the *Chronicles* is a diverting little book, and we should be by no means sorry to hear that the author contemplates a sequel to it.

## TWO PRIZE ESSAYS.\*

BOTH the essays in these two neat volumes have obtained the Prince Consort Prize at Cambridge, and both are creditable specimens of the class to which they belong. Mr. Whibley's essay on *Political Parties in Athens during the Peloponnesian War* is well arranged; he states his points with precision and writes soberly and without affectation. He expounds with considerable force the character and aims of the "middle party," which, adopting Dr. Beloch's words, he describes as composed of moderate or opportunist democrats. Unlike the oligarchs, its members were thoroughly loyal to the constitution, though they desired certain reforms tending to limit the powers of the people. This party, first organized under Nicias, was in favour of peace, and received the support of the smaller farmers, who suffered severely from the destruction of agriculture. Aristophanes is taken as representing the opinions of the majority of its members, and their position is illustrated from his dramas. The connexion between the domestic policy of the democrats and the line which they followed as regards both the war and the treatment of the allies is well brought out, and the arguments against the theory that the democrats "had any monopoly of political activity" are satisfactorily stated. Mr. Kellett's dissertation on *Gregory the Great and his Relations with Gaul* is somewhat deficient in arrangement and literary execution. At the same time he shows that he has studied his subject diligently, and that he has a correct appreciation of the character of the Church in Gaul at the close of the sixth century and of the efforts which Gregory made for its reformation. While rightly condemning the idea that Gregory turned to the Franks as a possible means of support against Imperial interference and oppression, he should not have failed to notice the importance of the Frankish alliance as a check on the power of the Lombards. Gregory's character and the evident purity of his aims amply justify the explanation given here of the correspondence which he carried on with the profligate Queen Brunhild. He was struggling with all his strength against the simony and other corruptions which prevailed in the Church in Gaul, and saw that he had no hope of triumphing over them unless he could gain the Queen's goodwill, and enlist Frankish royalty in the cause which he had at heart. Mr. Kellett's essay is short, and the volume is made out with an appendix containing a Sketch of the Relations of the Franks with the Papacy from the death of Gregory to the coronation of Charles the Great as Emperor of the Romans.

\* *Cambridge Historical Essays*. No. I. *Political Parties in Athens during the Peloponnesian War*. By L. Whibley, B.A. No. II. *Pope Gregory the Great and his Relations with Gaul*. By F. W. Kellett, M.A. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1889.

## MANURES.\*

NEXT to human food, it would be difficult to find a more important subject than plant food, which is but another name for manure, and if it is not exactly surrounded by a halo of romance, it is one of immense scientific interest. Nor is it of so unpleasant a nature as is commonly supposed; for there are many manures to which the most fastidious could take no exception. There is surely nothing particularly nasty in corals, shells, gypsum, lime, nitrate of soda, common salt, iron sulphate, or fossils. Even manure, in the more vulgar acceptation of the word, becomes less objectionable when treated scientifically, and Dr. Griffiths tells us that "a strong odour coming from" a manure heap of the ordinary kind "shows that a wasteful fermentation is going on." Indeed cleanliness, tidiness, and accuracy are of the utmost importance in the art of manuring. It is now the fashion, when writing about any subject which is not generally considered specially refined or intellectual, to quote classical authors who have treated of it. Accordingly Dr. Griffiths tells us that Theophrastus, Cato, Pliny, Homer, Columella, and Virgil were all writers on manure. From the time of these great authorities on the subject there appears to have been a dearth of manurial literature until the sixteenth century, when Sir Hugh Platt brought out his treatise on "Diverse sorts of Soyle not yet brought into any Public Use for manuring both of Pasture and Arable Ground." This writer recommends, among other things, salt, hair, street-dirt, malt-dust, burnt vegetable matter, and fish refuse. In the seventeenth century crops were allowed to succeed crops until the land became exhausted, and the usual remedy in those days was to allow it to lie idle for a long period in naked fallow, although in the preceding century several writers had laid down the principles of manuring and regular rotations of crops. There is little evidence of any special study having been devoted to manuring during the eighteenth century; but early in the nineteenth the writings of De Saussure attracted public attention to the subject. He and his school at that time thought and taught that the most perfect plant food was animal manure, and that it was from this that the minerals found in the ashes of plants were formed. He lived to modify these opinions considerably, for he discovered that plants obtain their carbon mainly from the atmosphere, and that the mineral constituents of the soil play a highly important part in their nutrition. One of the first discoverers of the truth that humus cannot alone supply all the requirements of plant life was J. C. Schubert, whom the Emperor Joseph II. knighted with "the order of the Holy Roman Empire of the Clover-Field." Another great student of both plant life and plant food was Liebig, who pointed out in 1840 that plants chiefly obtain their carbon from the carbonic acid in the atmosphere, their hydrogen from water, their nitrogen from ammonia in the air and the soil, and their sulphur entirely from the sulphates and sulphur in the soil. He also demonstrated that the mineral ingredients which are found in the ashes of plants come entirely from the soil in which they grow. But it would be endless to enumerate the names of the contributors to the development of the art of manuring during the present century. One of the most important steps in connexion with this science has been the process of grinding bones into pieces of various sizes as well as into meal or dust. Another has been the importation of guano, although it may not, perhaps, be considered quite so all-important as it was some years ago. Not less worthy of notice is the annual importation of many thousands of tons of nitrate of soda from Peru and Chili. The system of grinding fossils has been another great advance in the art of manuring; so, also, has been that of using sulphuric acid as an agent in the preparation of superphosphate. The manufacture of artificial manures is a very important industry in this country at present, and it is, unfortunately, one which has been brought into discredit by a considerable amount of adulteration; so much so that it is a question whether, in proportion to its bulk, there has not been as much adulteration in plant food as in human food during the last few years.

There is one thing that the British agriculturist worships with a depth of devotion which a saint might envy, and that is his farmyard manure. Unquestionably it is a highly valuable object; but the modern man of science is endeavouring to shake the farmer's faith in the omnipotence of his beloved deity, and he tells him that the idea that, "after all, there is nothing like farmyard manure" is an exploded fallacy. "The active principles in a dunghill cost more per pound than do the same principles applied in the form of phosphate of lime, Stassfurt salts, and sulphate of ammonia, or Chilian saltpetre." It has been calculated that a quarter of a ton of fish-potash guano is equal in its effect to eighteen or twenty tons of farmyard manure, and that when the relative expenses of carting are taken into consideration, nearly a pound per acre is saved by the use of the former. Now we have no wish to pose as champions of farmyard as opposed to artificial manure, but while we would urge every farmer to study the subject of "artificials," we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that there is a consoling element of safety in farmyard manure, both for the tenant and the landlord. To illustrate our meaning, we may observe that, while there can be no kind

\* *A Treatise on Manures; or, the Philosophy of Manuring*. By A. B. Griffiths, Ph.D., F.R.S. (Edin.), F.C.S. London: Whittaker & Co. 1889.

of doubt that dynamite is a most powerful agent in quarrying, if you were to give a common labourer, ignorant of its manufacture, its component materials, he would earn less money in the quarry than if you were to arm him with a pickaxe. On the same principle, an ordinary farmer, with no knowledge of the chemical constituents of either soils or manures, is less likely to earn money by dabbling in sodium, magnesium, and potassium, or nitrates, sulphates, and superphosphates, than if he trusted altogether to his favourite "mixin." Then, with regard to the interests of the landlord, artificial manures may be a powerful weapon for evil as well as for good. The danger in this case is rather of the farmer knowing too much about them than too little. There are certain artificial manures, and some of the most valuable if judiciously used, that not only nourish the plant themselves, but enable it to extract from the soil different ingredients which would otherwise lie dormant. The result is an enormous crop, which may be followed by others at least equally heavy, provided that ingredients of the same nature and amount as those that were taken out of the land to produce the first crop are restored before the growth of its successors; but the danger of the use of such manures by a tenant who is about to leave a farm is obvious, as he may thereby exhaust the soil without going to the expense of restoring to it the necessary fertilizing agencies. Before dismissing the subject of farmyard manure, it cannot be too strongly impressed upon the farmer that it varies greatly in value. The thickest-headed yokel may, at least, be made to grasp this fact, however hopeless it might be to make him understand such things as the distinction between ammonio-magnesium phosphate and magnesium-pyrophosphate, or to teach him to multiply " $K_2PtCl_6$  by 0.30627." It is not easy even to persuade some farmers that, in addition to the difference in the fattening qualities of linseed-cake and white turnips, the eventual manurial value of a ton of the former will be about 3*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*, whereas that produced by an equal weight of the latter will be only 4*s.* It is almost as important that the farmer should carry in his head the order of feeding-stuffs in relation to their value as manures—1st, oil-cake; 2nd, beans and peas; 3rd, cereals; 4th, root crops—as that he should remember the rotation of crops traditional in his neighbourhood. Even if the farmer abjures "artificial" altogether, he may, with profit, learn something about the relative values of the manures of the animals on his own farm. Let him, for instance, take to heart the result of an experiment which showed that the manure of sheep produced 244 lbs. of barley, that of pigs 233 lbs., that of horses 226 lbs., and that of cows only 167 lbs. It may be too much to expect him to "interstratify" his beloved mixin with layers of peat, charcoal-cinders, or gypsum, as Dr. Griffiths recommends, with a view to "fixing" his ammonia; but he may in most cases be persuaded to prevent "the loss by volatilization," by making what he will himself term "box-manure." It would be well, also, to endeavour to break him of his habit of placing his farmyard manure in little heaps on his fields, and leaving them there for a long time before spreading them—a most unscientific and wasteful practice.

Much attention has been paid of late to the question of the use of town sewage as manure. Dr. Griffiths is not very encouraging on this point, and he tells us that, because no method has yet been invented of precipitating certain acids that occur to a considerable extent in all such manures, the latter are "poor in fertilizing properties." In his opinion, the very best sewage manures are not worth 2*l.* per ton. With all due deference to so eminent an authority, we are not prepared to agree with him unreservedly here; for we have reason for saying that the concentrated manure sold by the Corporation of a certain large manufacturing town has been used for grass land with excellent results. It is most convenient to spread, as it is in the form of a brown powder, and can be sown broadcast with the hand. It is unquestionably a very powerful manure, for the writer of this review once injured some grass seeds by prescribing too strong a dose, and, as his bailiff remarked, "it smells awful"; yet, used judiciously, it not only benefits pasture-land, but its good effect is apparent for more than one season. This admission of failure through an extravagant use of the compound in question reminds us of a passage in Dr. Griffiths's book which is much to the purpose:—"Farmers often make the mistake of adding an excess of manures (plant foods) to their lands. What are the results in ourselves if we go to excess in drinking and eating? Why, disease. It is exactly the same with farm crops. Many crops are spoilt by over-manuring the land, and the whole subject is well worth the serious attention of agriculturists." Throughout the work there are many sentences and paragraphs of this sort, which farmers would do well to learn by heart; happily, too, the greater part of the book is clear and simple. On certain questions we expect that some authorities will disagree with the author; but, taken all in all, we consider this treatise a very valuable addition to the farm library. In order to complete his task, he tells us that he had to read "numberless English, French, and German scientific journals and works on agriculture," the condensation of which has been no mean undertaking. It only remains for us to add that he is the great prophet and exponent of iron sulphate as an artificial manure.

## THE ECGLOGUES AND GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.\*

ALEXANDRE DUMAS once announced, in a moment of enthusiasm, that he was tempted "to leave all, and translate Homer." He was extremely dissatisfied with the attempts of everybody else in verse and prose. No doubt the great Alexandre, when he had once learned Greek, would have translated admirably the epics which he so admirably expounded. But other translators would not have been satisfied; critics would not have been satisfied. Translating the classics is like carrying water in a sieve. Nobody is quite pleased but the translator, and even he, if he looks at his work after the lapse of a year or two, will be as discontented as the rest of the world. If, therefore, we are not absolutely content with Mr. Mackail's prose version of *The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil*, to say that is merely to repeat that the work is a translation. Virgil is apparently one of the impossible poets; with Heine and Horace he challenges and defies the skill of men. He has been tried in every kind of metre and measure, in the prose of Bohn and of Conington, and of Mr. Mackail. The scholarship of the latest adventurer is beyond reproach, but we doubt whether he has achieved that harmony and melody of prose which we look for in a rendering of "the rich Virgilian rustic measure." Perhaps this kind of prose is a thing impossible, at least in English. French may come nearer to it; in English it may be an unattainable ideal.

If we take up Mr. Mackail's pretty little volume in the spirit of English readers who do not know the Latin, shall we find anything left of the original charm? Occasionally we may find it lingering in the new speech, but at other times perhaps it vanishes, and the prose is rather crabbed, and to an English reader rather obscure. For example, in the first Eclogue, Melibœus is made to say, "Often had a mind not infatuate been mine, I remember how lightning-scathed oaks presaged this woe of ours." Not to speak of the jangling "mine" and "mind," we doubt whether the sense is really clear to the English reader, and whether "infatuate" in this place is the best possible rendering of *beva*. *De celo tactas* appears to have a sense beyond "lightning-scathed," conveying a sense of heavenly admonition. And perhaps the phrase needs expansion, in the interests of the English reader, for whose ungrateful sake translations are supposed to be made. "Often, I remember, had I not been blind, the heaven-smitten oaks foretold this our disaster," is rather more like what, we fancy, an English reader would understand at the first glance. Again (line 28):—

And why might nothing less serve thee than seeing Rome?

For freedom: she at last in spite of all turned her face upon a slothful servant, when now the beard was sprinkled with white that fell under the razor: in spite of all she turned her face and came after long delay, since Amaryllis holds us and Galatea has let us go.

Now, is this quite pellucid? Will the English reader at once see that "she" refers to "freedom"? and is it "white" or "the beard" that falls under the razor? and whose is the beard? The English young lady who studies this, like the other young lady who studied Mr. Swinburne, must be "sharper than her Pa" if she is not a little bewildered.

"And what was your mighty need for seeing Rome?"

"Liberty was my need. Liberty that late, but at last, looked down upon my indolence, when now my beard began to fall white beneath the barber's shears. Yet look on me she did, and came, after long delay, now that Amaryllis is my love, now that Galatea has let me go."

It is very audacious to suggest a different turn of the phrase, and yet it is hardly fair to hesitate dislike without offering something different, if no better. It is ungrateful work to note passages where the cadence hardly seems musical, nor the sense very clear, such as at the end of Eclogue II. "Nay, but rather at least something of all that daily work needs, set thou to weave of osiers or soft rushes: if he scorns thee, thou wilt find another Alexis." Literalness may be pushed too far, as "Cantando tu illum," "thou him in singing." Here the "whom I conquered" is four or five lines distant, and the English reader needs "In singing? You conquered him," though the words may remind some of "you arrest me," in a Texan narrative. In the same way, "But, what thyself wilt confess far excels it, since be mad thou wilt" (iii. 35), will be certain to puzzle the reader who is ignorant of the text. We do not much admire "Assyrian spice shall grow all up and down," for "Assyrium vulgo nascetur amomum." Nor is "But cease thou further, O boy," a very graceful way of turning "Sed tu desine plura, puer."

We have said enough about what we think of Mr. Mackail's less fortunate passages, and it is time to quote his successes (i. 52):—

Happy in thine old age! here, amid familiar streams and holy springs thou wilt woo the coolness of the shade: here the hedge that ever keeps thy neighbour's boundary, where bees of Hybla feed their ill into sleep: here under the lofty rock shall rise the leaf-gatherer's song: nor all the while shall the hoarse wood-pigeons, thy delight, or the turtle on the elm's airy top cease to moan.

Again, we may cite the Praise of Italy (Georgic II. 136):—

But neither those Median forests where earth is richest, nor fair Ganges and Hermus turbid with gold, may vie with the praise of Italy; not Bactra nor Ind, or all Panchaia with her wealth of spicy sands. This land of ours no bulls with fire-breathing nostrils have upturned where the monstrous dragon's teeth were sown, no harvest of men has bristled up with helms and serried spears; but heavy cornfields and Massic juice of wine fill it all, olives and shining herds hold it in keeping. Hence the war-horse issues stately on the plain; hence thy white flocks, Clitumnus,

\* *The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil*. Translated by J. W. Mackail, M.A. London: Rivingtons. 1889.



and the lordly victim bull, often bathed in thy holy stream, lead on Roman triumphs to the gods' temples. Here is perpetual spring and summer in months not her own; twice the cattle breed, twice the apple tree yields her service. But the raging tigress is not there or the fierce lion-brood, nor does monkhood deceive the wretched gatherer, nor the acaly serpent dart in huge coils over the ground or gather so long a train of spires. Add thereto all her illustrious cities and the labours wrought in her, all her towns piled high by men's hands on their sheer rocks, and her rivers that glide beneath immemorial walls. Or shall I tell of the seas that wash above her and below? or her great lakes, thee, lordly Larius, and thee, Benacus, heaving with billows and roar as of the sea? or tell of her harbours, of the barriers set upon the Lucrine and the thunder of the indignant sea where the Julian wave echoes afar in the tideway, and the Tyrrhene surge pours into the channels of Avernus?

Perhaps we might grumble, still in the cause of the English reader, at "so long a train of spires."

One little turn of phrase seems to us particularly exquisite, "Vento semper rubet aurea Phœbe," "wind always flushes the gold of the morn." If it were only possible to keep on that level, the impossible would be achieved, and Virgil would be translated. All scholars will take pleasure in comparing Mr. Mackail's work with the original, and to learners of Latin he will be most serviceable. But we still wait for the ideal version that will not come till the coming of the Coquecigrues.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

A VERY handsome, and at the same time not unhandy, volume, by M. Moyer (1), contains what the author not unjustly calls a practical treatise on Mycology. We have in this branch of botany considerable names (that of Mr. Berkeley, especially) in England; but we do not know that an equally "practical" treatise exists in our language of anything like the same size and general get-up. Some score of chromo-lithographs and many hundred engravings give the various forms (very odd, and often very pretty ones, as most people know) of agarics, mushrooms, and the rest, while the author has also given a general treatise on the class, some considerable discussion of its alimentary use and poisonous misuse, something about the cookery of the good and the antidotes of the bad (there are no antidotes), and a good body of remarks on culture. This latter has made considerable strides in England of late, owing to Mr. Wright's little book, to the bright example of Mr. Barter, and others, and to the more tempting demonstrations which show that you can make an estate of about five thousand a year (it is that more or less) per acre out of mushroom culture, and provide for your daughters handsomely by selling the spent manure. Somehow or other the experience of too many amateurs is that, after the most elaborate pains, the mushrooms refuse to come up till you break up the beds in despair and dig in the manure; after which *Agaricus campestris* manifests itself with great but capricious assiduity in any part of the garden, combining the two requisites that it shall interfere with some other crop, and that itself shall with difficulty be gathered in an eatable condition. But this is, no doubt, only the well-merited punishment of the amateur, who is always a bad man. The said amateur will find much to interest him in M. Moyer's handsome and agreeable book, and we only hope that it will not lead him to be too venturesome, and so haply to make an omelette of *Amanita malefica* or catsup of *Panus stypticus*.

Everybody who read or even glanced at M. Halévy's interesting notes on the Commune in *Les Lettres et les Arts* will be glad to see them united in a volume (2). M. Halévy was a little "riled" by the eagerness of English tourists—a race, we fear, nearly as regardless of other people's feelings as Frenchmen—to get a good view of the misfortunes of his beloved city; but he has interspersed some notes of London itself (whether he paid flying visits) which are so vivid and in such good taste that we only wish he would "do" us regularly. (By the way, how odd and characteristic it is that a Frenchman should be quite surprised, as at some unheard-of usage, at the antiphonal singing in St. Paul's!) Novelists and dramatists have before now shown the thumbnail sketches out of which they make their finished work, but seldom, we think, more instructively or more interestingly than in this book of the author of *Les petites Cardinal*. That work, we observe, has sold forty-four editions to *L'Abbé Constantin's* hundred and thirty-three. So Virtue, the good lady, scores over Genius, honest man, which is, of course, as it should be.

The first volume of M. Gabriel Sarrazin's criticisms of some English poets of the nineteenth century was interesting, and the second (3) is equally so. The essays on Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, and Walt Whitman show taste, feeling, and, for the most part, a good understanding. Sometimes, no doubt, M. Sarrazin goes wrong from deficient or untrustworthy information, as in some remarks of his as to the position of married women in England before 1882; and oftener he commits the fault which it is so hard for a foreigner to avoid—the fault of altogether misranking his authorities. We do not, for instance, know in the least who "Mr. Jules Case, a chief of militant literature" in England, is. Mr. Jules Case has, it seems, delivered himself of the "magnificent formula" that he believes "in a continuous progression in the development of conscience, and that this is what constitutes civilization." But any instructed Englishman could have told M. Sarrazin that the great Mr. Jules

Case has here merely repeated a battered cliché of Radical gutter journalists and tenth-rate Dissenting tubthumpers, which has been for years in English the equivalent of the utterances of M. Joseph Prudhomme in French. But when M. Sarrazin leaves Mr. Jules Case to his magnificent formulas and plays off his own bat, he is frequently noteworthy and always interesting.

The Academy of Moral and Political Science has "crowned" M. David-Sauvageot; and, had we been of that minor house of the Immortals, we do not know that we could have voted against the crown. The book (4) is well informed, ample in its historic views, particularly rich in not ill-chosen examples, and animated with a sound, if rather academic, spirit of criticism, accompanied by a sensible and by no means exaggerated disposition to compromise where compromise is possible. These are undoubted merits, and we do not know that there is much to be set on the other side except a certain insistence, a certain kicking at open doors on the one hand, and an attempt to be too systematic on the other. And these are the almost invariable defects of M. David-Sauvageot's qualities.

It is well known with what admirable devotion Mme. Edgar Quinet (5) has attached herself to the memory of her husband, both in editing his works and in completing them. Perhaps the book which she produced some time ago on his life, *Avant l'exil*, and this of its last quarter of a century, were not absolutely required; for, though there is some unpublished matter in them, they are largely made up of extracts from, references to, and commentary on the published works and letters. But we who see the different recensions of "remains" of a man of letters of our own running into their second score of volumes can hardly throw stones at the much more modest, and far better-tempered, endeavour of a French lady to found a solid monument to her husband—a man less indeed than Carlyle, but still a great man of letters in his way.

Mr. Somerville, who is a master at Eton, has produced a very practical and useful collection of French exercises (6). The rules are sensibly conceived and expressed, and the examples abundant.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

*ESSAYS, chiefly Literary and Ethical*, by Aubrey de Vere, LL.D. (Macmillan & Co.), possesses to the full the agreeable qualities of the accomplished author's two previous collections of Essays, "chiefly on Poetry." The present volume shows the same clearness of vision and serenity of temper, the same preference of wide issues, and the same scrupulous avoidance of those arts of paradox which merely arrest attention by their speciousness or violence, or—as Mr. de Vere remarks of literary and other heresies—"attract at first through their supposed originality." The opening essay on the "social aspects" of Literature sets forth a view of the functions of literature that is both noble and ennobling. The like reverent treatment of high themes characterizes the series of essays on private judgment—"The Rule of Faith"—on "Modern Unbelief," and other ethical questions. "Proportionate Representation" is a suggestive and thoughtful essay that may be commended to all who have noted to what absurd conclusions the so-called "one man, one vote" principle was recently pushed in a resolution submitted to the House of Commons. Mr. de Vere rescues this important and interesting question of proportionate representation from the narrow rut of party, and treats it in an enlightened, dispassionate spirit as a true constitutional principle. The poetical fields of literature are not neglected by the author of these Essays, and many readers will turn from the graver themes to the criticism of poetry with keener enjoyment. A poet on poets ought to prove entertaining. Mr. Aubrey de Vere is something more than entertaining, is indeed instructive and critical, in revealing and illustrating the secret of Mr. Coventry Patmore's "success in the poetical treatment of modern life"; in his modest, yet just, estimate of the late Archbishop Trench's poetry; in the sympathetic review of Sir Samuel Ferguson's spirited yet neglected Irish poems, with their remarkable bardic fervour and energy, and in the excellent little paper on Wordsworth, the last of a series on that poet which all Wordsworthians know how to value.

From Messrs. Ellis & Elvey we have received a reprint of absorbing interest—*The Letter in Spanish of Christopher Columbus to Luis de Sant Angel*, "reproduced in facsimile from a unique copy in the possession of the publishers," with a revised version of the Spanish, a literal translation, and critical notes, by Julia E. S. Rae. The text is that of the recently discovered edition of the memorable letter written by Columbus between the Canaries and Lisbon, while on his first voyage homeward, to his friend and patron Sant Angel. It contains many variations, chiefly of spelling, from the example in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, which "up to the present time"—to quote the preface—was "the only original printed edition known." The argument in favour of the priority of the text of the present facsimile to that of the Ambrosian letter is skilfully put and strikingly illustrated in the editor's critical notes. The most noteworthy points are the correction in the latter of obvious misprints in the former; the presence of Italian words and Italian forms of certain verbs,

(4) *Le réalisme et le naturalisme*. Par A. David-Sauvageot. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Edgar Quinet depuis l'exil*. Par Mme. Veuve Quinet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *A First French Writer*. By A. Somerville. London: Rivingtons.

(1) *Les champignons*. Par L. Moyer. Paris: Rothschild.

(2) *Notes et souvenirs*. Par Ludovic Halévy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *La renaissance de la poésie anglaise*. Par G. Sarrazin. Paris: Perrin.

with the total absence of cedillas, that distinguish the former alone; and certain other differences that appeal to typographical experts. Why two imprints of the letter should have been made is, for all this, not a little strange. Unfortunately in neither instance is there evidence of date and place of printing. The letter itself is, of course, a relic of the highest value, apart from its bibliographical rarity, and worthy of the honours it receives in Messrs. Ellis & Elvey's excellent reproduction.

That the Borderland—the dales of Esk and Tweed, ever rich in poetry—still has its poets is a circumstance very pleasant to romantic spirits. Professor Veitch may certainly be said to claim a place among the various singers who have caught a fine rapture and true inspiration from that wild and haunted land. His title may be clearly read in several bright, moving, and sweetly attuned lyrics included in his little volume, *Merlin; and other Poems* (Blackwood). The Merlin of Mr. Veitch's poem is not the Merlin of popular romance, the poet-laureate of Uther Pendragon, who competed in the circle of the bards before Arthur at Caerleon-on-Usk, and became in the lapse of time vulgarized in popular tradition as a kind of superior "white witch." Mr. Veitch's Merlin is Merlin Wylt, the Caledonian Merlin, who, falling on evil days, met a rather ignoble death at the hands of a rabble rout of misbelieving rustics and shepherds. Mr. Veitch has adroitly veiled his unheroic fate and vivified one more romantic association of the upper waters of the Tweed. For the rest, there is the pleasantest fruit in the author's songs and ballads of that "feeling for nature in Scottish poetry" which he has in a recent volume treated with kindling enthusiasm.

A volume of religious verse that is fairly fluent and melodious is *A Crucial Test; and other Poems*, by Edith Skelton (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) The author's power of emotional expression, which is considerable, is judiciously tempered, for the most part, especially in the opening poem and in "All Good Things," where the faculty of analysis is decidedly manifest. A lady who breaks into rhymed octosyllabics the first three chapters of Genesis can scarcely be called a poetical aspirant. This is what Mrs. Fronde does in *Poems; and Tales in Verse* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), calling it "only a simple narrative," and wondrously failing to retain a trace of the sublime simplicity of the original.

Now that the season of tourists is setting in we have a cheering book for the bold, the untried, and unsophisticated in Mrs. Wilson's translation from the French of Victor Tissot's *Unknown Switzerland* (Hodder & Stoughton). We were under the impression that the tourist had entered into possession of all Switzerland long ago. According to M. Tissot, there still remains a hidden mysterious land of mountain and vale unknown

to the general, and it is surprising how extensive it would seem to be from M. Tissot's volume. Much, indeed, that forms the staple of the author's smooth commentary and elusive description can scarcely be said to treat of the unknown. It reminds us of the modern old lady who lived in the Yorkshire dales through the days of the Peninsular war to our own times and never heard of the Duke of Wellington.

By M. A. De Winter "of Rome" we have *The Castle and the Manor* (Burns & Oates), a story of two households of children, designed with good intent, doubtless, yet feeble in the telling, and "goody" in sentiment. It is pleasing to note a second edition of Mr. C. L. Johnstone's *Historical Families of Dumfriesshire* (Dumfries: Anderson. London: Simpkin & Co.), with a list of members of ancient Scottish Parliaments; woodcuts of old abbeys and castles, and other additions and embellishments. Mr. F. G. Selby's annotated *Bacon's Essays* (Macmillan & Co.), based on the 1625 edition, with modernized spelling, is intended "mainly for Indian students," and "therefore" contains much in the notes "which to English readers will appear superfluous." The notes are indeed ample and, it is fair to add, to a great extent of real utility and illustrative. But why should Indian students be visited with superfluity? This is a riddle that perhaps even examiners may not readily solve.

Mr. J. B. Reid's *Word and Phrase Concordance of Burns* (Glasgow: Kerr & Richardson) is a great enterprise, which appears—from our consultation of it—to justify its claim to completeness. A good glossary and index of "first lines and titles," with a list of various readings, are appended to the Concordance. Dealing with individual words as well as phrases, the volume is necessarily bulky. It is a monument of industry, however, and will be found, no doubt, a valuable work of reference.

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